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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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MERCY SEASONS JUSTICE

AFTER 25 years of heated national controversy and exhaustive research by dozens of committees of inquiry it now seems almost certain that Britain will abolish capital punishment.

This decision, hailed by many as a step away from barbarism, is bitterly attacked by many others.

The favorite argument of the pro-hangers is that the death penalty is the best deterrent for murder.

But a long and patient collection of facts by British Select Committees and Royal Commissions has found not one title of evidence to support this view.

In fact, statistics from the 36 countries where there is no death penalty show that murder rates dropped slightly when capital punishment was abandoned.

Experience in Australia, where some States exercise the death penalty and others don't, indicates the same thing.

Everywhere the facts show that fear of the gallows will never stop the murderer who, through insanity, drunkenness, or a sudden surge of passion (the reasons for from 80 to 90 per cent. of murders), feels the urge to kill.

If the deterrent argument is abandoned, as on the evidence it must be, then all that is left to support capital punishment is the ancient demand—revenge, the eye-for-an-eye philosophy.

To regard this philosophy as abhorrent is not sentimental, though many supporters of capital punishment say it is.

Through the long and tortured course of mankind's history one fact stands out above all else. Revenge breeds revenge—brutality breeds brutality. Without mercy there can be no justice and without justice civilisation cannot survive.

The recognition of these historical facts is an integral part of Christian doctrines. Britain's legal acceptance of them, therefore, cannot be regarded as anything else but a great step forward—a step towards both Christianity and civilisation.

Our cover:

● A Greek maiden called "Peon whose white skin flushed at the slight provocation from palest pink to crimson, spired an ancient Greek who named the lo flowers on our cover after the shy girl. photograph is by staff photographer Rol Cleland.

This week:

● Of all the features we have ever pu lished, the special section Good Groomi is probably the most unpopular with memb of the staff. There are anguished shrieks they find some dreadful fault of theirs perpe ated in the types listed, and smartening-measures have been taken. Rather malicio little questions like "Care for a clothes-brush have been overheard, and three members w scored only one out of 12 in the Groom Quiz have been sent to Coventry indefinite What is your score?

Next week:

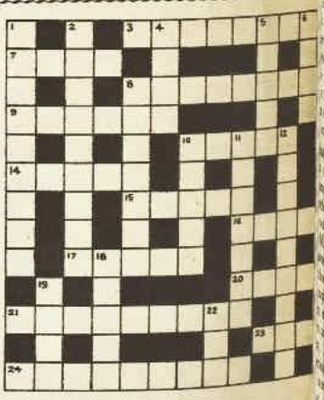
● "How to get a man"—an amus feature that reveals some techniques y may care to try. We recommend picking y favorite prescription and sticking to it, fo while at least. Later you may be embolde sufficiently to take a bit from each and cre your own method. Whatever you do, good l

● Two pages of pictures in color sh some charming studies of the Queen a the Duke of Edinburgh during the final sta of their Nigerian tour. The pictures incl one which captures the only time on the t when the Queen lost the fashion spotlight her husband—the day the Duke appeared w ing a scarlet carnation in the buttonhole of grey lounge suit.

● Knitted sweaters can be glamor g ments or merely warm coverin Glamor that is easy to knit will delight in next week's special knitting section. The e exclusive designs, all of which have easy follow directions, were chosen from Fre Italian, American, and English collections.

● Winter color and brightness can yours if you start growing cyclam now. The gardening page tells you how cultivate them either indoors or outdoors f seeds or corms. Incidentally, cyclamens known to some people as "painted butterfl —a name which seems to make them even m desirable as a winter decoration.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



ACROSS

3. Bird follows bird and the two together are no good for crossing a street properly (9).
7. The stern of a ship whatever way you look on it (4).
8. Tribal rag (Anagr. 9).
9. On all sides of a spell (6).
10. I see on the back of a poisonous snake a savory dish (5).
14. Young girls who have a thousand helps (5).
15. Examiner having outwardly rows placed one above the other (5).
16. Famous white heifer hiding little Marguerite in a fully developed insect (5).
17. Holy French swear cares if disordered (5).
20. Doctor Duck goes to it for legal right (5).
21. They could be called night airs (9).
23. Cobweb only can provide such black (4).
24. Where English horse-copers may find customers with whom they did not deal previously (9).

Solution will be published next week.

S	P	E	C	I	F	I	C	A	T	I	O	N
C		N		C		D				G		E
R	I	S	S	O	L	E		C		L	A	W
U		L		N		A		A		O		N
B	R	A	V	O		L	A	S	S	O		H
		V		C				T				A
P		E	G	L	A	N	T	I	N	E		M
A				A				G		X		
R		H	O	S	E	S		A	M	I	S	S
V		A		T		L		T		S		T
E	N	D		S		A	V	I	A	T	O	R
N		J				C		O		E		U
U	N	I	T	E	D	K	I	N	G	D	O	M

Solution of last week's crossword.

DOWN

1. Weapon and a money maker in an aromatic plant (9).
2. Well known but not in the beginning and the end seems to owe some money (9).
4. A Spanish hero is sour (4).
5. Famous composer in the court of Louis XIV (5).
6. This could be a made cheese (4).
8. An early heretic kept in a gin's cot (7).
10. Pilgrim's hood containing rodents (5).
11. Ripe sod (Anagr. 7).
12. Toothed instrument swallowed felines in cemeteries of yore (
13. This is of great consequence (
18. A ray at right-angles to the (5).
19. Me about a pool (4).
22. Before after the first thousand 19 down (3).

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Poor Inez forgot all about her hand movements for a second and as a result she was up in the air again, suspended over the divan.

THE FLOATING HEIRESS

An amusing story

By PAUL ERNST

AD anyone but Ed Monroe told me about it I'd have laughed the whole thing off. But Ed is not a joker and he has about the imagination of one the truck axles his father manufactures Chicago. If he says a thing is true, he nks it's true.

Therefore, since his father had written me t young Ed would spend July and August the Riviera and would I keep an eye on n, it seemed up to me to discover what had ven such a crazy notion into his skull and at could be done about it.

I had settled him in a pension at Cap rat owned by an acquaintance, Madame avannes, and gone off on a business trip northern Italy. When I got back there a note from Madame Chavannes. Would ee M. Monroe? He was, it appeared, go- around conversing "avec" himself and color was "mauvais." Something must ve happened to him in my absence.

Next morning I found Ed in shorts in the rden and he did look peaked. An earnest, est, lank young man who took life seriously and worked too hard, he seemed n more lank and less rested than when had come.

Ed asked how things were with me, and I d fine. I asked how things were with him, d he said fine. I said his nose looked peeled, must have been bathing. That's how the ject of Inez came up.

Ed had gone down to the beach the first rning. "Rotten beach, all rocks," he said. t a way was a float and it looked more comfortable than the rocks, so he swam out to it. The sun was hot and presently he went to sleep.

A man's voice awakened him. "It seems we have company."

"If you can call a tourist company," came a girl's voice.

Ed sat up. A girl and a young man were regarding him with the chill of outraged ownership.

"Sorry," he said stiffly, sliding into the water. "I thought it was a public float."

He started shoreward, heard a voice, and then the man was beside him, very amiable now. "We didn't mean anything back there," he said. "You're obviously no tourist."

"A tourist is exactly what I am," said Ed. "From Chicago. Greatest little town on earth. Howdy, pard, put 'er there."

The man winced but kept his smile. "Anyhow, we apologise. Come on back to our float and sun yourself."

Ed didn't want to, but the man turned as if confident he'd follow, so, after a moment, Ed did. The girl had her cap off and was shaking out shining blond hair and she was revealed as such a beauty that Ed gulped and swallowed a generous portion of the sea.

After he had stopped coughing, they introduced themselves. The man was Grant Richardson. The girl was his sister, Theodora — Teddy to her friends, of whom it seemed that Ed was now one. They were gay and charming and finally asked Ed to their villa for lunch.

"I was being had for something," Ed told me. "That was for sure. But I was curious now, and also I was hypnotised by the way Teddy filled a bathing-suit. So I went with them.

"The villa was a lush place on the sea cliff. On the terrace was another girl, quite nice-looking in an unobtrusive sort of way, brunette, sitting about a foot above a stone bench with some mail in her hand. Teddy said, 'Inez, dear, this is Ed Monroe. Ed, our cousin Inez Talbot —' "

"Wait a minute," I cut in. "This stone bench. It sounded as if you said, 'She was sitting about a foot above a stone bench with some mail in her hand.' "

"Why, yes," said Ed. "That's what I did say."

"What was she sitting on?"

"Nothing," said Ed.

"You mean she was sitting on the bench, then?"

"No. About a foot above the bench. All she had in her hand was letters, and they didn't weigh enough," he explained.

I opened my mouth and closed it again. I began to feel a bit dizzy in the near-African sun beating on the garden.

During lunch, Ed went on, he caught the picture. The villa belonged to Cousin Inez, and Teddy and Grant and their mother were with her. They loved it and wanted to stay. Inez was unhappy and thinking of going home, so brother and sister were after a man for Inez to keep her there.

"That suited me," Ed said. "The more I saw of Inez, the nicer she looked; though, of course, there was the way she'd sat above the terrace bench."

I coughed. "Cigar," I murmured. "Go on."

During the lunch, Ed said, Inez ate with an odd languor, moving her hands very slowly up to her mouth and even more slowly down again.

Ed couldn't help but stare, wondering if something was wrong with her physically. Then they got up and a wasp blundered around in front of Inez's face. She slapped impulsively down at it and up she floated about a yard into the air. Grant pulled her down. Didn't take much effort, Ed said. About like pulling down a child's balloon.

"Now just a second!" I snapped.

"I know." Ed sighed. "It sounds as if I'd slipped a shingle. I wouldn't tell this even to you, but you'll see for yourself when you meet her. So will everybody else I know, if she'll marry me."

"Marry! Pretty fast work, isn't it?"

Oh, but she was so wonderful, Ed told me earnestly. He and Inez had been together every possible moment, and she needed protection, and he was crazy about her and thought she liked him a lot — perhaps because he managed to act matter-of-fact about her trouble. And if I didn't think it was trouble, I was crazy.

Inez had told him frankly all about it. All she knew about it, at least.

"You've dreamed you were flying?" said Ed. "You flap your arms and rise. But you

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Lucien had everything in life a young man could want . . . everything but the heart to fall in love

Little Limey

By DOROTHY BLACK

THERE comes a time when a young man of means has done everything, seen everything, and been almost everywhere that transport can take him. It is then that boredom sets in.

It had set in for Lucien Champs d'Hiver as he sat in the lounge of the Hotel Chanteclair surrounded by the great snow-covered Alps and the winter sports parties. Just as it had set in when he was seeing Peking and Okinawa, and a war dance in New Guinea.

It was his father's fault. His father owned the grey chateau on the hill among the vineyards behind Poubalay. After the war, a thirsty world had made Monsieur Champs d'Hiver rich beyond his wildest dreams. At the mention or memory of Chateau Champs d'Hiver, 1943, men mellowed and glowed, their eyes brightening. (It was becoming rare, but there were still a few bottles left.)

Monsieur Champs d'Hiver decided that for his son there need be none of the sordid toil in the vineyards, the scrimping and stinting that he had himself known when young. Lucien, his father decided, must be a man of culture; he must travel, become educated, see the world and write books.

It was what Monsieur Champs d'Hiver fancied he would have liked to do, so he decided, as fathers will, there could be no greater good for his son. Lucien must have every advantage and write the book Monsieur Champs d'Hiver was certain he himself could have written had he had a chance. Sometimes he felt the golden message of inspiration bubbling up within him still, though he had never quite decided what the message was.

Lucien, unfortunately, had only one ambition. He longed to work in the vineyards among the grapes, with the men he had known as boys. He longed to work in the fermenting departments, to join in the singing at the festival of the treading of the grapes, to wander through the deep, cool cellars where the wine matured in bottles. He longed to help his mother about the estate and lead the quiet country life he loved.

Madame, his mother, was a plain, sensible woman with flannel nightdresses and no delusions. She let her husband ramble on. She did not prick his bubbles. She led her own life, frugal and hard working, about the chateau on the hillside. Though they were now worth many millions of francs she still fed her chickens and clattered about the courtyard in the wooden sabots of her youth.

Monsieur Champs d'Hiver loved her, of course, for he was a normal man and knew it was a duty to love one's wife. But he often wished she had more glamor.

She was not unaware of the fact. She knew the thought that often rose in his mind, like the last bubble in a glass of flat champagne. If he had been rich and important before he lost his figure and his hair he would have acquired a far more ravishing wife.

Now it was Lucien who must marry the kind of girl his father would have liked to have. A girl who would wear the sort of nightdresses Monsieur Champs d'Hiver eyed guiltily in shop windows and women's magazines instead of always the flannel, this horrible material.

Not only did Lucien fail to produce that book, he would not get married.

So Lucien sat, bored and frustrated, in the lounge of the Hotel Chanteclair, with all about him the spectacular Alps wrapped up in thick snow-like parcels. It was not one of the fashionable hotels. They had come there because Freddie Sherman, Lucien's buddy, hadn't the dough for the more glamorous spots.

Freddie's situation was the exact reverse of Lucien's. His father, in Hartford, Connecticut, pined to have him go into the family business. There was a little house and a managership waiting for him in Vermont, where they had a factory. (Stockings and woven underwear.) But Freddie was a rover. He wanted to travel, to see the world, to absorb atmosphere.

"Maybe one day I'll write a book," he said sometimes, when he had an idle moment.

Conducted tours came and went, each with its own problem. The French wrestled with their passions — the English with their cooking. Every sort of shape and size of figure revealed itself in ski-pants of every color. Freddie had a wonderful time. He was a gay, square, handsome young man, whom nature had padded up as though for a football match. He did not merely gather rosebuds while he might . . . he uprooted the whole bush.

Dark as Lucien was fair, cheerful as Lucien was gloomy, they made an intriguing couple as they sat in the lounge of the Hotel Chanteclair. He took his fun where he found it, and he found it practically everywhere, as a young man should.

Meantime Lucien sat with his long, greyhound face and cold, grey eyes. Bored, bored, bored. Freddie did his best.

"The blonde by the bar now? Take a look at her." Lucien looked and looked away.

"That little red-head?"

"I do not care for it," Lucien said.

"Gee, Lucien, if I had your looks and your dough! There's not a girl here wouldn't do more than meet you half-way . . . And there you sit . . . Now here's a new lot coming in. Surely among all these . . . What about the one in sky-blue pants?"

"Too fat!" said Lucien.

"Gee, you're hard to please. Now there really is something nice . . . The little one in the black pants and the red jumper up at the bar."

The minute he had said it he was kind of sorry, for he liked her himself. At first he didn't think anything of it because he liked practically every girl he saw himself, and at the time there was nothing to show him she was his one and only. He was sing minded in wanting to do a good tu to a pal.

"She is English," said Lucien, taki a look. "I do not understand English. No one understands the Ea lish."

"Sure she's a little Limey. All same she's kind of cute."

Lucien shrugged callous shoulde "Later in life she will come to resem the national animal, the horse. I ready perceive it."

"Nonsense," said Freddie, but laughed, because she did have so thing of the air of a small Sheth pony. It was her large eyes and sh wilful nose and all that dark h wild with ski-ing, hanging around.

"You never had a girl?"

Lucien shook his head.

"Holy smoke. And you a Fren man. I thought . . . but never mi With me, well, that's different. Y parents want you to marry, n have the pants scared off them fear I'll marry before I can suppo wife. What do you know!"

People came and went, stamp snow off their boots. Scraps of con sations reached them all about . "Aspirin . . . Soda mint," from English spinsters by the door.

"Just what would you like to d asked Freddie, his large hands fol on his flat hard front, his long stretched in front of him.

"I would wish to work in the v yards. To be in the sun stripped the waist with the gatherers of grapes. To see to the bottling, fermenting, the smell of new w fermenting—how pleasant it is."

"There I'm with you! The smel any wine, how pleasant it is. your father won't let you? Well, w do you know. Our families sure the wrong kids," said Freddie gloom

The little Limey sat up at the Her red sweater, one of those th good-looking sweaters, was worn tapering ski-pants. She was well aw of Freddie's attention, but was pret ing not to be, like a Shetland p that will nip your pants as soon as back is turned. But the affair did come to anything then, for the c eron arrived and collected her party.

The chaperon was a large young woman in tweeds, with pale hair in a bun, solid, cheerful, and reliable with rather large feet. She looked just as a chaperon should. Freddie never got as far as her face. He heard the little Limey say: "O.K., Miss . . ." and off they went, but they were staying in the hotel, so it was all right.

"We'll meet again," hummed Freddie under his breath, "don't know where, don't know when . . ."

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Later that evening after a good dinner that had done everything for him but nothing for Lucien, Freddie said. "Look, I got an idea. Suppose you put yourself in my hands, let me sort of — get something going for you — show you the ropes . . . Get you acquainted with some nice girl who'll maybe change your outlook."

Lucien looked suspicious. "What would you expect me to do?"

"Just be human. Maybe a kiss here and there. Gee, Lucien, I'll wager once you tried it, you get a taste for it. It's like olives . . . sometimes just at first . . . But there it is. It gets me down to see you sitting around, having no fun at all."

"I do not wish to get you down. I would try," said Lucien. "I could do it for a friend."

. . . . . .

From the start Freddie had a sense of disaster.

He picked up the little Limey the next morning. He simply sat down on the high stool next her at the bar and said: "Hi!"

"Hi to you," said the little Limey. In no time he learned that her name was Jean and she was having a frightful time with the telemark and that she was so stiff she felt like one of those net Christmas stockings full of little tin things with rough edges all grating one against the other.

He learned she hailed from Scotland, which was the loveliest place in the world . "We get snow there sometimes when the apple-blossom is out," she said proudly, and he said it must be quite some place. "You ought to see it some time," she said, and he said: "I sure will if you're going to be there." Then he remembered with a guilty start that this wasn't his rosebud . . . He aimed to pluck it for another.

"You noticed my French friend?" he asked.

"Everyone's noticed your French friend."

"Well, he's just dying to know you."

"He is?" She seemed surprised. "I gave him plenty of chances, but he never took any of them . . . He's the Champs d'Hiver, isn't he?"

"Yes . . . But he's kind of shy . . . And not very happy. He just pines to be a wine brewer — or whatever you call it — but his father won't let him go into the old family business. Whereas my father pines to get me into the old family business, and I won't go. What a world!"

He bought her another lime squash. It was plain she wasn't going to be one of those expensive dames to entertain.

"Can't you ever get away, come dancing with us?"

"I certainly can," she said. "It's the luckiest thing. Poor Dycie, our chaperon, has a terrible cold. She'll be in bed for several days. Isn't that the most marvellous piece of luck?"

From the start it was a success. Lucien became gay. They went off ski-ing together, and Lucien was at his best on skis. He swooped like an eagle, and it turned out he danced admirably, and he could out-yodel the yodellers. For a man to have all these talents and hide them all this time was something Freddie just could not understand.

"She likes you," said Freddie, a trifle forlornly, for he discovered rather late how much he liked her himself, but it wasn't any good now.

"There is little about me to dislike," said Lucien, shrugging his shoulders . . . "I pay her attention. She is quite charming."

"Have you kissed her yet?" asked Freddie, and the question cost him something.

"Naturally," said Lucien. "I obey your instructions and await the miracle. So far nothing at all. She is kind to me. She pats me on the head. Nice Fido! Good Fido! The English," said Lucien, "are always kind to dogs. In one English house I visit there is a dog in each chair. The visitors must stand."

Now the positions were reversed. It was Lucien who was animated and gay. It was Freddie who stared morosely into space twiddling his thumbs. Sometimes they made it a threesome and Freddie danced with her while Lucien cooled off, but it only made matters worse.

This, he knew without any doubt, was the only rosebud he had seriously wished to gather and take home and keep forever. For her sake he could even have spent a long life weaving stockings and vests. And he had handed her, with a bow, to his friend.

All he could hope now was that something would go amiss, that maybe she would realise Frenchman don't make good husbands, and that money is not all.

Suddenly there came a ray of hope. It came to him through a confidence that Lucien made him.

"Tonight I shall ask her her room number," he said, haughtily tying his black tie.

Freddie stared at him aghast and the words rose to his lips: "But you can't do that" His instinct told him she wasn't that kind. His

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"And 'Hi' to you, too," said the girl with a warm smile to Freddie when he greeted her in the bar.

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Office MONSTER

A short story complete on this page

By ALEC RACKOWE

Watching the young man and the girl who were so obviously in love gave Mr. Vennering his answer.

He was determined nothing would destroy the legend he had so very carefully cultivated.

MR. ALBERT VENNERING was a small man with a bald head fringed by pure white hair. He was big-chested, short-legged, and, when he looked at anyone with his keen blue eyes, quite impressive.

As senior partner of Vennering, Clay, and Boles, Attorneys at Law, Mr. Vennering was held in awe by all the juniors and clerks. In awe and some measure of fear.

That was all right with Mr. Vennering. It was the impression that he strove to give. A man who wasn't stern and demanding, even though just, couldn't hope to have an efficient organisation.

No one among his juniors and clerks knew that at heart Mr. Vennering was as big a softy as his wife said he was; but for some time he had had a suspicion that his secretary, Miss Mall, was beginning to doubt the legend of Albert Vennering. And that would not do at all.

Miss Mall was in her forties, with frank strands of grey in her fair hair. A most efficient secretary, but when she said, "Good morning," this fine day, Mr. Vennering was certain he heard that accent of softness in her voice, and it made him frown.

In the sanctity of his office Mr. Vennering's frown deepened as he sat down at his desk and faced the folders Miss Mall had placed squarely on the blotter.

Matters of personnel were something that Mr. Vennering handled himself. There were only two this morning, but one of them made the brightness of the April day dim for Mr. Vennering. He was going to fire one of his employees, and he stated that. But Ellen Ames, typist, would have to go.

Mr. Vennering opened the file labelled AMES, ELLEN. It was all there, a dossier of work far below standard; an indifferent and slow typist; a dangerously bad speller. Likelihood of advancement: Nil.

Mr. Vennering sighed. He looked at the data listed at the head of the file: Ellen Ames, aged 20. Birthplace: Jamaica, Ohio. Schooling: Jamaica High; Jamaica School of Business. Residence: Mason Girls' Club.

Mr. Vennering leaned back, his eyes bleak. He knew Ellen Ames, just as he knew everyone employed by the firm. A small, slim girl with brownish-golden hair and soft, doe-like brown eyes. She had brought letters from her minister and from the head of the Jamaica School of Business—letters that lauded her to the skies.

Ellen Ames, Mr. Vennering reflected unhappily, merited the praise. She was a nice girl in every way. It apparently the writers of the letters had not been thinking of Ellen's ability, nor had Mr. Vennering, when he interviewed her. Now he was going to pay for that oversight with the torture of discharging Ellen Ames.

Mr. Vennering made a sound that was like a moan. He opened the second folder. It said: Rice, Frederick.

Rice, Frederick, had requested a raise in salary. Mr. Vennering pursed his lips. Rice, Frederick, late U.S. Army; clerk; student of law under the GI Bill. Residence: Y.M.C.A. A good lad. Most promising, too. Mr. Vennering flicked the button on the intercom and said, "Send in Frederick Rice, if you please, Miss Mall."

The door opened fifteen seconds later and Frederick Rice walked in. He was a tall, broad-shouldered young man in his middle twenties. His hair was black and his eyes were dark blue under strong brows. He had a nice smile.

Mr. Vennering gestured to a chair.

Young Rice sat down. Mr. Vennering templed his stubby fingers. "I have your application for a raise. I am afraid, under the rules I have made, that I must deny your request." He lifted one hand.

"It isn't that I do not think you a most capable young man. You are. I am sure that you have a fine future with this firm. The point is that the giving of indiscriminate raises is not a good thing. There are regulated periods when raises become automatic. Of course, in the matter of a hardship——"

Mr. Vennering looked at Fred Rice. The young man's face got pink. "I wouldn't say it was a hardship, sir. There's a girl I'm going to marry. We're both working. We're putting our money aside, saving until I finish my law and pass the bar."

"I didn't know that," Mr. Vennering said, in some surprise, for Miss Mall was a very mine of information of this sort.

Fred Rice said, "No one knows, sir. The more money we put aside, the more security we'll have. That's why I've told her we'll have to wait; why I've asked for a raise."

"I see." Mr. Vennering stood up, and Fred Rice rose as well. "I can't offer you any hopes, but I shall put the matter under consideration."

When Fred Rice was gone Mr. Vennering told himself that he would have to turn down the application. It was against policy. Young Rice and his fiancee would have to wait. A simple matter. What wasn't simple was the case of Ames, Ellen.

Mr. Vennering scowled at the folder. He thought, "Perhaps I can make another place for her. A job where her shortcomings——" He cut off the thought abruptly. "Be firm," he told himself. "You've got to fire the girl."

Mr. Vennering's finger went to the button of the intercom, but it just wouldn't push down the button. This time Mr. Vennering's groan was full and audible. With a supreme effort he jabbed at the button. "I am going downstairs for coffee, Miss Mall," he said.

Miss Mall said, "Yes, sir," in a soft voice, and Mr. Vennering sensed again her growing conviction that there was nothing like an iron hand under his velvet glove.

That could not be permitted to happen. It would mean the end of the legend upon which rested the efficiency of his staff. But, on the other hand——

Mr. Vennering shook his head dismally. He went out the private door of his office into the corridor. His heart was heavy as he walked towards the elevators.

As he came to the end of the corridor he saw two persons standing in the far corner. A man and a girl. The man had the girl's hands in his, and he was talking earnestly to her. The girl was looking up at him, and it needed only a glance to know that these two were raptly in love: Frederick Rice and Ellen Ames.

Mr. Vennering understood, now, the source of young Rice's new-found courage and Ellen Ames' spectacular inefficiency. He stepped back, though he knew that even if he went right up to the elevators they would not see him. He returned to his office and sat down.

He drew a pad before him and picked up a pencil: One rent instead of two. Maybe only one room and a kitchenette. Mr. Vennering and his wife hadn't had more, forty years ago, and Martha always said those had been the happiest days of her life. Hamburger instead of steak.

"A dinner of herbs where love is," Mr. Vennering said, his pencil flying. Even allowing for the increased cost of living there would be big savings; savings on rent, on home meals instead of restaurant ones, on laundry and amusements.

Mr. Vennering totted it all up, then put down the pencil and flicked the intercom button with brisk decision. "Miss Mall."

"Yes, sir?"

"In the matter of Frederick Rice."

There was a quivering anticipation in Miss Mall's voice. "Yes, sir."

"Make out a slip for the auditor. A raise in salary. From the first of the month."

He mentioned a sum that made Miss Mall's voice fairly sing. "Yes, Mr. Vennering!"

"In the matter of Ellen Ames."

The lilt was still there, warm, worshipping. "Yes, sir?"

"Make out a dismissal slip. Two weeks' salary in lieu of notice."

Miss Mall didn't answer.

Mr. Vennering said, "Did you get that?"

Miss Mall's voice was shocked: "You—you're going to fire her?"

Mr. Vennering said severely: "Is there any reason I should not? Is she a capable worker?"

"N-no. But—she's such a nice girl."

Mr. Vennering said coldly, "This is a business organisation, Miss Mall. Need I remind you of that fact?"

The lilt was gone from Miss Mall's voice when she answered; in its stead were the awe, the tinge of fear, that Mr. Vennering had striven to achieve. "No, sir."

"Send Ellen Ames in."

Miss Mall said, "Yes, sir," respectfully and expressionlessly.

Mr. Vennering closed the intercom. He was grinning so hard that his face hurt. He hoped Miss Mall would take as long as he thought she would to screw up her courage and summon Ellen Ames. He would need that time to compose his face into the lines that would command awe, and a certain amount of fear. After all, Frederick Rice was going to be with the firm a long, long time.

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DEATH IN THE WIND

Beginning a swift-moving mystery serial By EDWIN LANHAM

FIRST he had seen the loom of the Connecticut shore rising above a horizon haze, then individual houses and stretches of meagre beach had come into view as the small black yawl slid through the slick, glassy water of an August calm on Long Island Sound, and now the channel markers of Menasset Harbor lay ahead.

A smile of anticipation came to Brad's lips and he glanced at the new fishing-rod, rigged for blue fish, that lay on the starboard berth below. This would be a wonderful surprise for Pierre, he thought; this would awaken memories and renew old bonds.

He thought of that first day in Paris, when a pale, sad boy of five had stood looking about the apartment that was to be his new home, his eyes showing a maturity that had been somehow more appealing than a childish dependence would have been.

Ruth had said, "Pierre, say hello to your new father," and Brad remembered the bobbing of the dark head, the bony fingers outstretched.

He had felt the appeal of the boy then and he had determined that he would be a real father to Pierre. He would try to make up to the boy for a little of what the war had cost him, if material benefits and formal adoption could help at all. It had been as honest as most resolves, he thought, but a foreign correspondent was a busy man and the streets of many cities passed under his feet.

Menasset Harbor was a horseshoe-shaped bight with two rocky promontories thrusting out into the sound, and the channel passed close to the eastern promontory, where there was a grove of white-oak trees along a bank buttressed by a massive sea wall.

The mansard roof and cupolas of a tall Victorian house showed among the trees, and Brad studied it as the yawl slipped past in the channel. This was the house Ruth had inherited when she came into her grandfather's money. In this house their wedding reception had been held, and now it sheltered his foster son.

A week ago Pierre had been shy and reticent. Considering that it had been Brad's first meeting with the boy in two years there had been surprisingly little to talk about.

Korea and Indo China and all that, yes. Pierre had been interested in stories of combat and far places, but Brad had been acutely aware that something was missing. It was two years that was missing, he thought now — two whole years of a boy's life.

The last time he and Pierre had lived together had been in Paris, but two years ago Ruth had taken Pierre with her when she returned to the United States while her grandfather's estate was being settled. For a visit, she had assured Brad, but six months had passed, and then a year, and meanwhile things had been popping in the Far East.

His dateline had been Indo China when the divorce had gone through, and, at the time, it had seemed natural that Ruth have custody of Pierre, but her behaviour had been deceptive and unnecessarily aggressive.

She had told the court that he had shown little interest in the boy. She had solemnly deposed that Brad had deserted Pierre, which was certainly less than the whole truth, and the court had reposed the conditions of the boy's life entirely in Ruth's discretion.

"But we had to get it settled one way or another," she had said last week in the lobby of the Hotel Westbrook, where she had brought Pierre to meet him for lunch. "It's not terribly important, is it? Of course, you may see Pierre whenever you wish."

"The important thing is Pierre's happiness," he had said.

"I think that is pretty well taken care of, Brad," she had said with a light laugh that minimised the sincerity of his interest. "I've remarried, as you know, and Pierre has a happy, well-adjusted home, which you must admit is something of a novelty for him."

He gave his head a quick shake to dismiss the memory of his former wife's face, and with a conscious effort relaxed the tight muscles about his mouth. Whenever he wrote a series of articles for his newspaper syndicate, a one-column cut was run with the by-line, and the photograph showed the smiling, self-assured face that Bradley Davis presented to the world, the face that was known on the Quai d'Orsay and on Downing Street — a lean, alert face adorned by a trim and rather elegant moustache.

It was the face of the Bradley Davis who had been a correspondent in Paris and London and Berlin and in the fox-holes of the Far East, and it did not show the weariness he felt, nor the loneliness.

He needed this vacation. He needed to get out on a small craft and relax, he had told the managing editor of the "Courier," but he had not confided his real plan — to sail in from the sea and gladden a small boy's heart.

At ten, Pierre was just the right age to fall in love with a boat, and when Brad arrived unannounced at the dock, provisioned and ready, how could Ruth refuse an eager boy? They would cruise together to Nantucket — they would cement a foundation for the future.

The channel widened to the boat basin. The town dock lay parallel to the shore line, and Brad steered in towards a battery of gasoline pumps.

As soon as he had made the yawl fast, he crossed a gravelled parking area to a low white building. A spidery structure of neon fixtures spelled out "Fisherman's Bar," and there was a public telephone emblem beside the entrance door.

Inside he found a curved bar set off from the restaurant area by a waist-high partition. A girl who was sitting alone at a table glanced up curiously as Brad entered, then went on talking to the barman in a flat, sure voice that had overtones of boredom or possibly loneliness.

"It's approaching Cape Hatteras, wherever that is," the girl said, putting her finger on a line of type in the newspaper spread open beside her cocktail glass. "Travelling four miles an hour, it says."

A thin telephone directory hung from a chain beside the booth and Brad turned to the "B's." Porter Bellows was the name of Ruth's husband and he was some sort of investment counsellor — that was all Brad knew about him.

"It's a long way to Cape Hatteras," the barman was saying. "She won't be here until the end of the week, if she comes this way at all. We have these scares every hurricane season."

"Newspapers have to find a way to scare people," the girl said. "That's how they sell papers."

Brad bent his head over the directory. He found the number, dropped a dime in the coin slot, and dialled. When a woman answered in a low-pitched, cheerful voice, he asked, "Is Mrs. Bellows in?"

"No, she's out for the afternoon. Any message?"

"Is Pierre there?"

"He's out on the terrace. Wait and I'll call him."

Soon a high voice on the telephone said "Hello," and in a fumbling effort to restore memories, to recreate a bond, Brad replied in French, "Comment vas-tu, mon fils?"

The high precise voice asked, "Who is this, please?"

"Have you forgotten your French, Pierre?"

"No, I have not," the formal voice said, more foreign to English in intonation than in accent.

"This is your father, Pierre."

"Oh, Papa." Recognition came falsely late to the boy's voice. "Hello."

"Did you notice a black boat sail past your house a few minutes ago, son — a yawl?" Brad said. "That was I at the tiller. I came to see you, Pierre. I have a wonderful plan. How would you like to cruise with me to Nantucket?"

"Nantucket?"

"It's an island, a wonderful place."

"That would be very nice," the high voice

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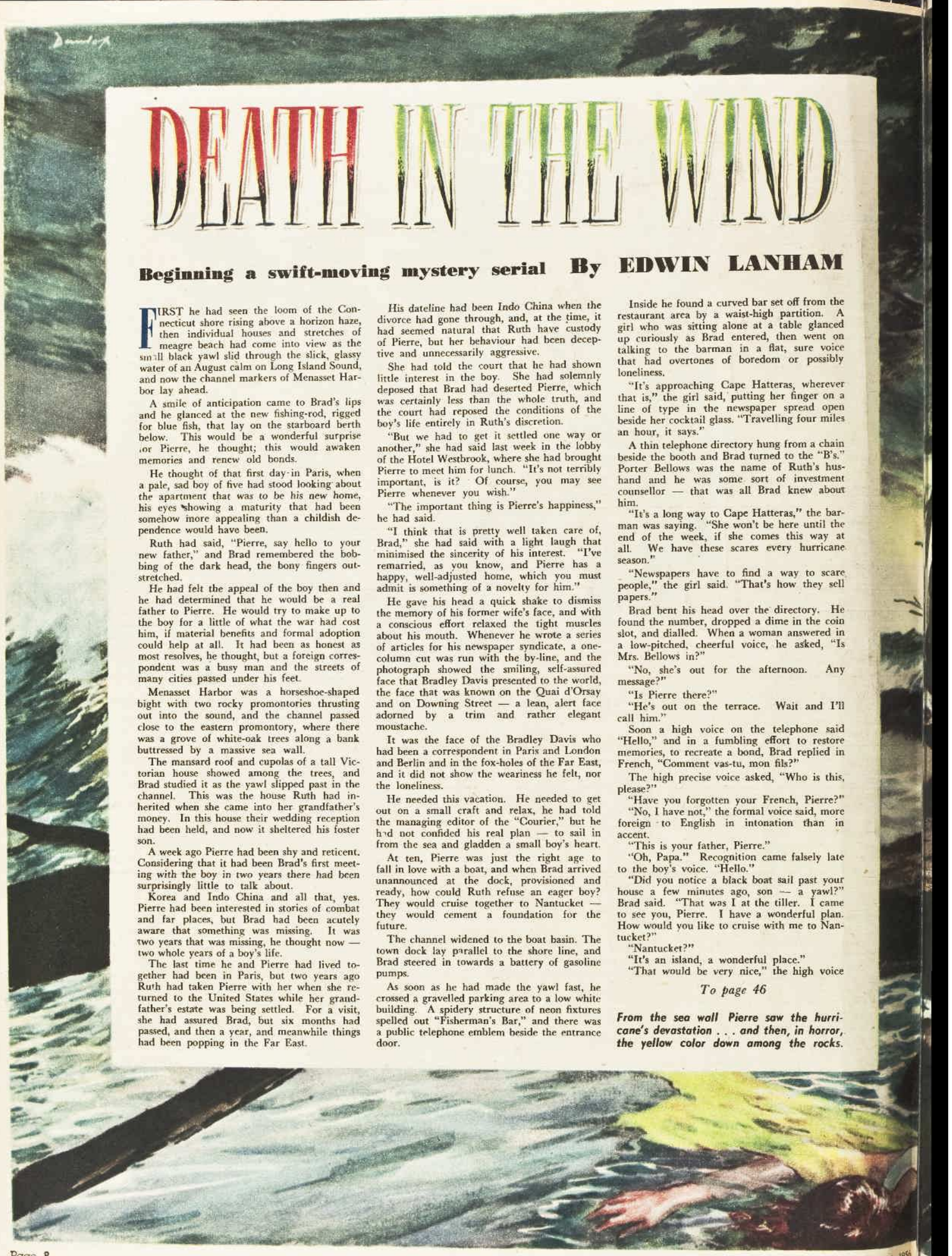

From the sea wall Pierre saw the hurricane's devastation . . . and then, in horror, the yellow color down among the rocks.

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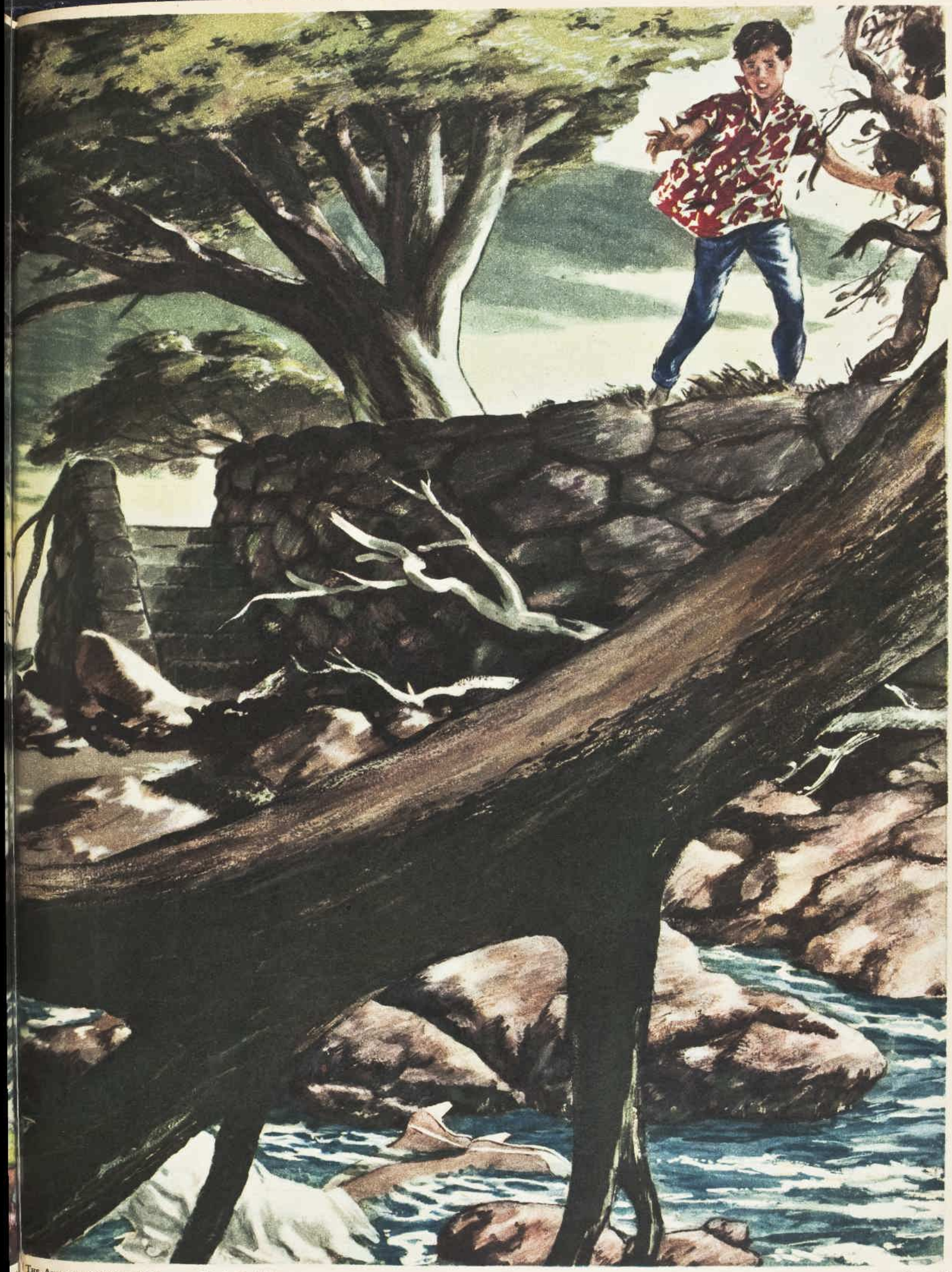

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UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

the satisfying breakfast

and you serve 3 plates for 4d.

another new **RECIPE**

NUTTY OAT CRISPS

1 cup flour, ½ teasp. baking powder, ¼ teasp. salt, ½ cup shortening, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, ½ teasp. vanilla, 1 cup Uncle Toby's Oats, ½ cup chopped pecans or walnuts, ½ cup toasted coconut.

Cream together shortening and sugar, add egg and vanilla and beat well, stir sifted, dry ingredients together with the Uncle Toby's Oats, nuts and coconut, blend well and drop from a teaspoon on to greased trays. Bake in moderate oven for 12-15 mins. Loosen to cool on trays and store in airtight tin.

UTO26

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Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best general letter of the week. 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writer's original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I AM tired of reading advice to wives on things they should do to help them to keep their husbands' love. How about some advice to the men? For instance, tell them to come home in the evenings with a smile and a cheery word for the wife instead of an annoyed glance at the table and sarcastic remarks if the meal is not ready to the exact minute. Tell them to think for a moment. They have their set work to do and can go ahead without interference. They start at a certain time and finish at a certain time, and in many cases spend from an hour to an hour and a half at the local with their mates on their way home.

Let them know that love is kept alive by kindness, courtesy, and a sharing of the more mundane tasks of marriage. Make them understand that a woman cannot go straight ahead and get things done to a fixed schedule when there are babies or young children. There are so many interruptions—hurts to be sympathised with, drinks to be fetched on numerous occasions, squabbles to be investigated, toys to be brought in and out. And if children have to be taken to school and called for there never seem to be enough hours in the day to get things done. Just let men remember that their wives are just as tired (if not more so) as they are at the end of a day, and a little help at that busy time would make up for a lot. Most men seem to think if their wives look neat and tidy when they come home that they have done nothing all day but stand in front of a mirror titivating themselves.

£1/1/- to "Goose" (name supplied), Auburn, N.S.W.

I AM a New Australian and a very lonely one, too. I thought that I would soon make a lot of new friends here, but after being here for nearly four months I find that I have been very much mistaken. At the office where I work, I got nothing but snubs from the other girls. At first I cried a lot and wished that I had never come to Australia in the first place. Then I decided that I would pretend they did not exist. That is what I did, and the girls began to smile, and now I have quite a number of friends. Yet I notice that even though we are friends it is not the same kind of friendship they have between themselves. Do you think it is fair to treat a person full of new hopes in a new land like this?

10/6 to "Very Hopeful" (name supplied), West Preston, Reservoir, Vic.

CAN anyone please tell me what pleasure clothing manufacturers get out of trimming cotton frocks with nylon? Nylon and cotton laces and ribbons are difficult to tell apart when one is inexperienced, and it is certainly annoying to be ironing a frock only to find the lace and ribbon disappearing beneath the iron. If we want nylon frocks we will buy them, but, please, Mr. Manufacturer, keep your nylon trimmings for your nylon goods.

10/6 to R. H. Knoble, Thurgoona, N.S.W.

I THINK in-laws should be called by their Christian nam I have a son-in-law who calls me Mum. My daughter fin it dreadfully hard to call his mother Mum. It only wa someone to start and I think it would take on quite well.

10/6 to "Mother-in-law" (name supplied), Wollongon N.S.W.

I THINK that P.A.C. (The Australian Women's Week 15/2/'56) is rather insular in her opinion. It seems obvio that he or she is ignorant of the true meaning of religion portrayed by Christ. P.A.C., like so many others, thin of religion as pertaining to a detached part of our liv Religion embodies the whole of our lives. And subsequent the minister is justified in preaching on all its departmen

10/6 to K.R.S. (name supplied), North Mackay, Qld.

Mothers-in-law

I AGREE with D.I.L. (The Australian Women's Week 15/2/'56), my ma-in-law gets only praise from me a my children. If I have a problem I know I can share it wi her, knowing it won't go any further. She also keeps h advice until it is asked for. Any person who has the ner to criticise her ma-in-law should first examine her own fau before she breaks forth into speech about others. I, for on say cheers to mothers-in-law.

10/6 to Mrs. E. Cramp, Murgon, Qld.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

PLEASE don't think I imagine that I can teach Australian women a great deal. I myself have learnt a lot from The Australian Women's Weekly, but I imagine my cure of untidiness in a schoolgirl daughter might be a little help for some.

Every morning after she left for school her room resembled a junk-store until I happened upon this idea. Instead of tidying up her room I put everything she had left out of place on top of her bed. When she went to bed at night everything had to be moved. The first two nights she dumped them on a chair, but finally decided it was much easier to put things away in their proper place. Her room is always tidy now.

£1/1/- to "Hopscotch" (name supplied), Brockburn St., Glasgow, Scotland.

Ross Campbell writes...

NEWS OF ARABY

IT'S strange how suddenly an argument can flare up at home.

I was looking at the paper the other night, and reading the more important news out to my wife.

"It says here that Arabs can get hire-purchase wives now," I said. "Payments are made to the father of the bride."

"How horrible!" she exclaimed. "Why is it horrible?"

"Oh, the idea of buying a wife on a small deposit and easy terms. It makes her seem like a food-mixer or a washing-machine."

"When you come to think of it, a wife is a food-mixer and a washing-machine, among other things," I said mildly.

"You didn't talk like that before we were married," she said. "When we sat in the moonlight down near the gasometer you didn't say: 'My own food-mixer!' or 'My gorgeous washing-machine!' "

"Now don't get excited," I replied. "We're only talking about hire-purchase marriage among the Arabs. Surely we can discuss it reasonably."

"But you sound as if you like it."

"Not necessarily," I said. "It's no good from the bridegroom's point of view. Take my own case. I got you for nothing—I didn't have to pay your father a bean. I'd hate to have to meet regular monthly payments on you now."

But I had said the wrong thing again.

"I see," she replied. "You don't think I'm worth anything to you now. I suppose I'm just a broken doll."

"I didn't mean that, my dear! I only meant that if I was an Arab and I had to meet payments on you, as well as on the fridge and the vacuum-cleaner, I'd find it rather awkward." She made no reply.

"Of course," I went on, "I can see that sometimes the Arab set-up might be convenient. If a man didn't find his bride satisfactory he could fall behind in the payments. Then her father would come and repossess her, if she was in reasonably good condition."

"What a heartless attitude!" she cried. "You'd let a woman give you the best years of her life, then you'd try to get rid of her like an old-model floor-polisher."

"I didn't say I would do it. I only said an Arab might do it."

"If you were an Arab," she said, "you'd probably offer me as a trade-in!"

"Darling, I wouldn't dream of treating you like a washing-machine or a floor-polisher."

"At the moment I feel more like a refrigerator," she said.

There was silence after that.

From now on, if she wants to know what's going on in Arabia she can find out for herself.

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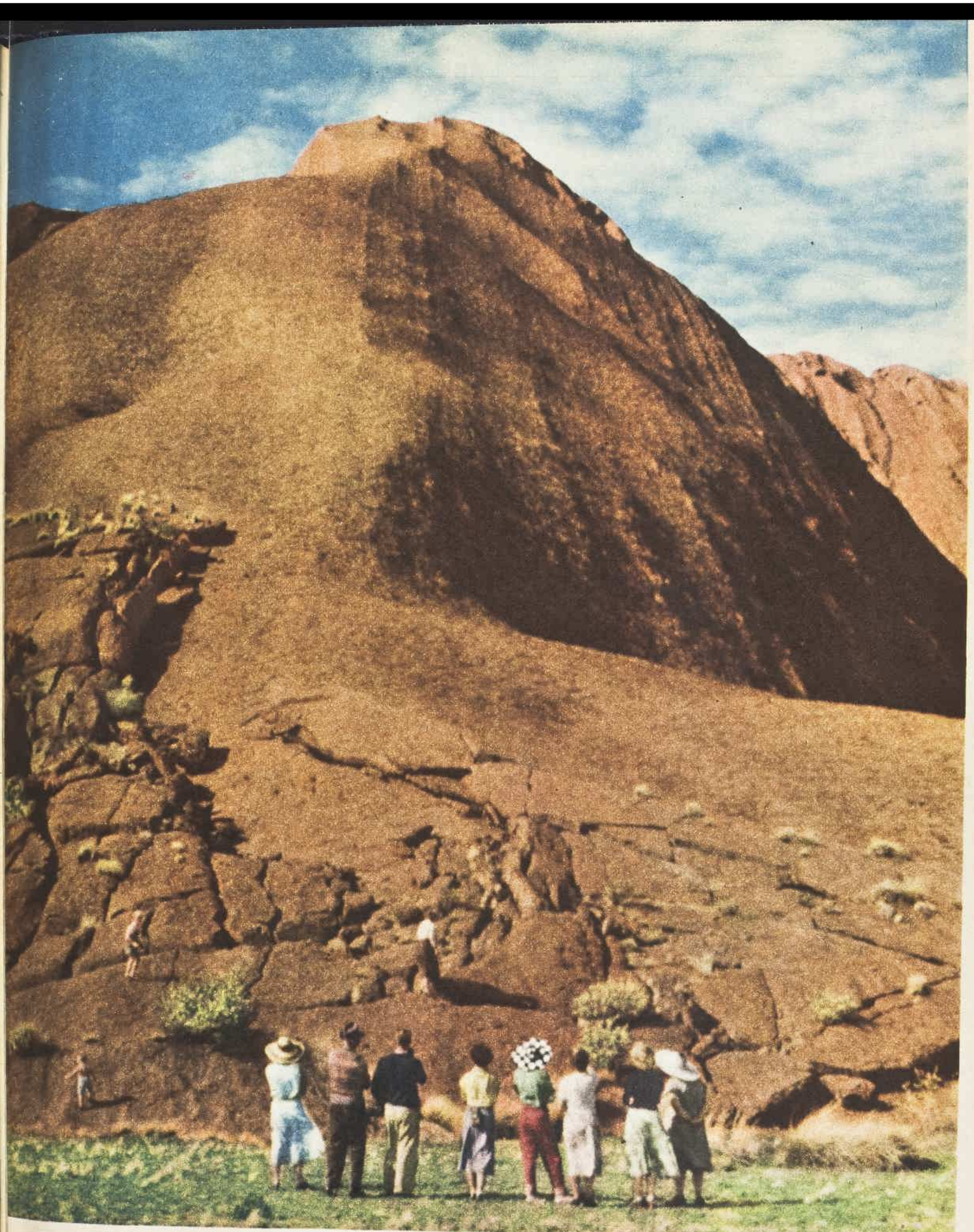

THIS IS AUSTRALIA

WEATHERED BY THE AGES, Ayers Rock rises 1100 feet in solitary splendor from the mulga plains of Central Australia. Six miles in circumference, it is the largest monolith (single block of stone) in the world, and was formed in the beginning of geological time. Since then, the Rock has resisted the erosion of millions of years, but wind, rain, and sun have contributed to its character by gouging out caves and crevices on the red sandstone surface. In the caves tourists, who come from all over the world, can examine symbolic rock paintings executed by aboriginal artists of long ago, for Ayers Rock was once a sacred place for the aborigines. It was named after a leading South Australian politician of the 1860s, Sir Henry Ayers, who was himself a rock-like character, described by a political rival as a "brooding genius of obstruction." This picture by Bill Dalzell, of Ohio, U.S.A.

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A sensible suggestion

Recently I called on the manager of our local branch of the Bank of New South Wales, and arranged to open my own account. My husband thought it would be a good idea if I were able to pay the doctor, the dentist, the butcher and the baker, and all other household bills without having to keep money in the home. So now I make all payments by cheque. And if I have financial problems I seek the friendly advice of the "Wales" manager.

You, too, should consult and use—

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CHAPPED HANDS
INSECT BITES
CRACKED LIPS
BABY'S CHAFING
AND MANY SKIN TROUBLES

O.113.WW62g

A triumph for grandmother

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

● At the age of 73, Senator Agnes Robertson next July will begin her new six-year term in the Upper House of Federal Parliament convinced you're as young as you feel.

SENATOR AGNES ROBERTSON at work in her room Parliament House, Canberra. She is the first woman me ber of the Country Party elected to Federal Parliame

A WOMAN looking something like a cross between a garden-club president and a bridge-playing grandmother drew abreast of the distinguished man coming towards her in a corridor of Federal Parliament House.

"Good afternoon, Senator," she said graciously.

"Good afternoon, Senator," replied the man.

The woman thus addressed was 73-year-old Western Australian Senator Agnes Robertson, dropped on the grounds of age by the Liberal Party before the last Federal elections and returned as a Country Party senator with a comfortable majority of votes.

During the election campaign she put to a severe and successful test her conviction that you are as young as you feel.

She didn't sit at headquarters and leave it to the voters to put her in.

In a five-and-a-half-weeks' intensive electioneering campaign she travelled throughout Western Australia, with a daily programme averaging three speeches and one reception, plus private calls on voters.

"Not so old"

"I WANTED them to see that I wasn't as old as some people like to make out," she said.

Her reference to "some" people no doubt included the Prime Minister, Mr. Menzies, who, during the election campaign, said, in effect, that Mrs. Robertson had been dropped by his party because of her age.

Now, after her triumph at the elections, she no longer sits in the Senate as a member of Mr. Menzies' party. Although she still votes there with the Government, it is as a member of Sir Arthur Fadden's party.

First elected to the Senate in 1949 as leader of the Liberal Party's team in Western Australia, she was re-elected in 1951.

While she was in the Philippines last year as leader of the Australian delegation of 17 to the Pan-Pacific Women's Conference, she learned she was not to be re-indorsed as a member of the Liberal Senate team for the coming elections.

Aggie's immediate reaction was one of taking it on the chin. Her statements to the Press were models of loyalty and dignity.

But when the Country Party put it to her that she head their Senate team she was still smarting.

"What you want is a beautiful blonde of 35 who's a yes-man," she at first retorted tartly.

She resigned from the Liberal Party, joined the Country Party, became its number one candidate, and is now its first woman member of Federal Parliament.

Experienced Canberra newspapermen are careful not to underestimate Agnes Robertson. They say she more than holds her own in the Senate.

The ability of this grandmother of three to retain her ground in this predominantly male gathering might well be related to the fact that she was the only girl in a family of seven brothers.

"I had to fight my way with them all," she said. "Our family was a politically minded one, and I spent my youth sitting at a dining-table that was like a forum."

Following the death of her husband, a W.A. newspaper editor, after eight years of marriage, Agnes Robertson, then aged 28, and with three young children to support, returned to her former profession of schoolteaching.

She remained for the next 30 years at Thomas Street School, Perth, until her eldest grandchild was ready to go into her class.

When former pupils meet Senator Robertson, they invariably say, "You haven't changed at all. You're exactly the same as when you taught me in the fourth."

Subjects on which in recent years the Senator has been vocal include the drug investigation leading to the banning of heroin ("the newspapers tore me to strips over that, but I was right"), the law now allowing a married woman to bring £30 worth of her own goods into the country, irrespective of her husband's, and the granting of large land leases to emigrants of British stock in Australia's north-west.

Smart reply

AGGIE'S ability to handle a curly one is illustrated by this incident when she was at the Pan-Pacific Women's Conference last year.

At a crowded meeting a Japanese delegate rose and asked, "Will the Senator explain why she and her countrymen set so high a value on a white skin?"

"If you could come with to Australia, and we co look down from an aeropla you would see half its m women, and children lying the beaches trying to get brown skin," Senator Robe son replied, to the applause a relieved meeting.

When Parliament is sitti Senator Robertson lives Canberra's Kurrajong Ho occupying the same bedro she has had since 1949.

There, at the weekend, s rounded by what she calls electrical gadgets, and her o crockery, she gives her "in tea parties" to Canbe cronies and favored visite

In her own State she s lives in the same house Ventnor St., West Perth, which she went as a bride 1901.

With her today lives her married daughter, Jessie, identity of Perth commerc radio. The Senator ho Jessie will follow her i politics.

Her other children are M G. S. Manners, of Melbour and Mr. John Robertson, Perth.

Strongly disclaiming fem ist leanings, the Sena from the West pays a g deal of attention to her pearance, favoring pas colored ensembles, earri rings, pearls, and a contrast corsage.

Aggie Robertson's work hours conform strictly to p liamentary standards — might even be decide longer than those of some the less spritely junior se tors.

"A great ache"

IN addition she maintain Perth office and secretar

Senator Robertson re to her severance from her party as "a great ache, demanded by circumstance

"What I represent, now elections are over, are the c tors of Western Australi she said. "My duty is them."

In these opening weeks the new Parliament, the carded grandmother is en ing a celebrity accor mutually (although in so cases secretly) by member all parties to a politician bested the Prime Minister.

FAMILY PARTY entering Parliament House, Canberra, comprises Senator Agnes Robertson with her daughter, Mrs. G. S. Manners, of Melbourne, and Mrs. Manners' children, Geoffrey, aged fifteen, and Patricia, aged fourteen.

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Moving day for the Sara quads

REMOVALISTS for a day. Sara quads, from left, Phillip, Mark, Judy, and Alison all lent a hand on the day they moved with their parents and elder brother from their country home at Bellingen, N.S.W., to a house in the Sydney suburb of Punchbowl.

SMILING from their new doorway are, from bottom left, Phillip, Mark, Alison, Judy. The quads are thrilled by their move to the city. They are attending Punchbowl Public School.

amous family is now living in the suburbs

Like the Lucke quads, whose move to a w home was reported in our issue of ebruary 22, the Sara quads have been on e move.

By JANET BAILEY, staff reporter

FTER spending the greater part of their s in the country at Belgen, in northern N.S.W., five-and-half-year-old ads, Alison, Judy, Mark, d Phillip, with their er brother, Geoffrey, d their parents, Mr. and s. Percy Sara, have ved to the city.

Their new home is a seven-roomed brick house in a long, quiet street at Punchbowl, in Sydney's western suburbs.

Although Mrs. Sara is still in the midst of organising the new house and deciding on color schemes for the rooms, the children have settled in perfectly.

"Come and look at my room," said Alison, as she showed me into the room she is sharing with Judy. "You can sit on my bed if you like," she added gravely, indicating the new chrome beds which can be converted into double-decker bunks.

Alison explained how she had helped with the moving. "I packed all my things up. Everything is unpacked again now. I did it all myself," she said proudly.

All the Sara children have started at Punchbowl Public School and are making friends there rapidly.

Phillip says that he likes the new school "good." Mark is non-committal and is concentrating on practising new phrases he has learned like "Let's go, Joe," and "Don't be cheeky or I'll tell the teacher on you" on anyone who will listen.

The quads are growing up into fine, healthy boys and girls. Alison, the biggest one, is also the most adult in her ways. On her first day in school she was left in charge of the class while the teacher was away from the room. She kept the other children quiet, too.

Mark, the family scapegrace, seems to be easier to manage now that he is at school. He still gets into mischief occasionally, of course.

Phillip and Judy have each lost two teeth. Judy will show anyone who is interested the gap where hers were.

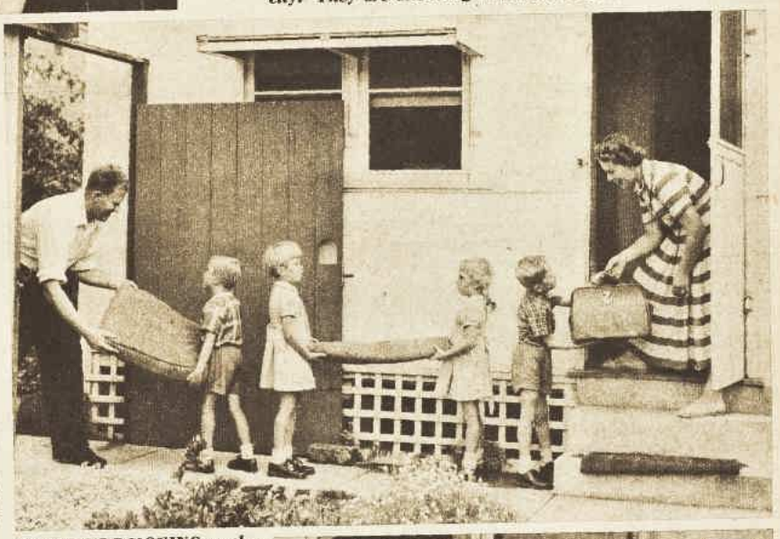
"Mummy pulled my teeth out when they were loose," she said. "Then a fairy came and gave me two threepences for them. I've still got them in my purse. I'm going to buy me ice-blocks with them. Oh, and one for Alison, and Marky, and Philly, and Geoff," she went on in a burst of generosity.

She stopped for a moment. "One of these days," she added thoughtfully.

Nine-year-old Geoff Sara is thrilled with his new bedroom overlooking the garden. It's the first time since the quads were born that he has had a room of his own where he can shut himself in if the younger children become too boisterous.

A move right away from school-friends is usually much harder on boys of Geoff's age than for younger children like the quads, but Geoff, who is more and more acting the big brother and keeping the youngsters in order, is having no difficulty in making new friends.

The quads haven't met many new neighbors yet, but they have already been up and down the street looking into people's gardens. Their charm being as it is, it's pretty clear it won't be long before they're invited in.



FURNITURE-MOVING on the chain plan are Percy Sara, Mark, Alison, Judy, Phillip, and Betty Sara.

ANO-PUSHING are Mark, Phillip, and their father. The rror on the sofa was a farewell gift to Mrs. Sara from Women's Auxiliary of the Bellingen District Hospital.

DOLLS moved, too, which meant a busy time packing and unpacking for Judy, on the floor, and Alison. The little girls are very proud of their newly furnished bedroom.

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Australian beauty co-starring with Tyrone Power —gives her golden rule of hair care

Film News

FORMER Australian model Jeanette Elphick is now Hollywood star Victoria Shaw. Here she is in a scene from the Columbia Picture "The Eddy Duchin Story" — a CinemaScope production in which she co-stars with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak.

"I never wash my hair with soap", says Victoria.

VICTORIA SHAW is learning many thrilling new beauty secrets these days. But when it comes to hair care, she still follows the golden rule. Victoria says: "I never wash my hair with soap — I shampoo my hair with 'Vaseline' Brand Liquid Shampoo".

Why no soap? Soaps are made to get dirt out of clothes, or get grimy hands clean — or to perfume your skin. Your tender scalp and delicate hair need the sensitive cleansing treatment of a **specialised** product.

Why 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo? The super-soft lather works **naturally** on the oils of your scalp — will not dry them out, but frees them of the dust and clogging dirt they harbour. 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo leaves your hair feeling gloriously fresh.

Soap bubbles go flat — cling to each hair — leave a dulling veil. 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo's foam is **soapless** — rinses out quickly, completely. Your hair looks shining clean — alive with fascinating highlights.

Trade Mark **Vaseline** BRAND **LIQUID SHAMPOO**

For normal, oily or dry hair. At all chemists and stores in sizes — Small 2/11, Large 4/6, and handy Snip-Pak 1/-.

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YOUR FASHION RATING DEPENDS ON GOOD GROOMING

● What is grooming? I define it as perfection of personal detail in dress, coiffure, and make-up. It is the result of self-discipline and the care of clothes — day in, day out. The heartening point is that the woman who has very little money to spend on herself can look just as well groomed as the woman who spends a great deal. This and succeeding pages explain why.

by Betty Keep

THE first step in good grooming is a full-length mirror and a critical, honest inspection. Do more than just look at yourself in the mirror; check up and answer honestly. Be your own judge.

Ask yourself:

Do I wear my stocking seams straight? Is my hair wispy? Is my posture good? Is there powder on my shoulders?

To help with everyday grooming, every week and every season, I have made a list and given advice.

Follow the advice carefully and quite soon there will be a beautifully poised creature smiling at you from the mirror.

About posture:

The most superb clothes will not make a well-groomed and attractive woman unless that woman stands and walks well. Good posture makes the clothes you wear look better. I will go further and say good posture makes indifferent clothes look chic.

The most common cause of bad posture is laziness. Uncomfortable and badly fitting shoes are another.

Good posture is normal posture—that is, an easy and comfortable stance (sitting, too), the walk not rigid or strained.

When you walk keep your tummy flat, head and chest up, shoulders relaxed. Relaxing does not mean slouching.

When you sit, the lower part of your backbone should touch the back of the chair. When you sit at a desk, bend from the hips rather than from the waist.

When picking up something, kneel rather than bend.

About clothes:

The best wardrobe in the world is only as good as the care you give it.

A place for everything and everything in its place is one of the best grooming tips and time-savers.

Set aside a definite time and make it a habit to tidy your wardrobe and any other space in which you keep your clothes.

If you are pressed for space, investigate several furniture departments or furniture stores. You will find unit furniture is available in a varying range of sizes; and buying space pays dividends because it reduces wear and tear.

There is nothing more maddening than clothes jumbled up together. Tidiness is a soothing balm to frayed nerves and short tempers.

Divide the space you have intelligently. Try making cardboard sections if you are handy — hats, dresses, lingerie, stockings, and so on in their own niche. And put each garment back every time it is used.

Here is a list of 12 points for better clothes habits.

1. Pockets on clothes are mainly for decoration. Don't overcrowd them. Bulging pockets strain seams.
2. When wearing a slender skirt-line (who isn't this season?) pull it up a little each time you sit down. This will prevent stretching and sagging.
3. Always wear a smock or apron over good clothes around the house.
4. Wet shoes should be brushed or cleaned, then stuffed with paper and allowed to dry away from any heat.
5. Remove any clips or other jewellery before you remove your clothes. Rings snag stockings, clips rip fabric.
6. Unfasten zippers, unbutton buttons completely when clothes are being removed. Doing this eliminates unnecessary strain and stretch.
7. Inspect each garment after wearing for simple repairs—the stitch-in-time theory.
8. Wash stockings after each wear. Letting stockings dry with perspiration in them will shorten their life.
9. Never throw clothes on a chair or on the floor. Have a place for everything and keep it there.
10. Close openings before hanging up garments; this will help preserve their shape and prevent them slipping off the hanger.
11. Sweaters and other knitted garments should be laid flat on a shelf or in a drawer; this is an insurance against stretching.
12. And, of course, fastidious personal habits save clothes, too.

Your mirror should tell you . . .

These days most women wash their personal things such as blouses, cotton and nylon dresses, underwear, and stockings—by hand—and perfection laundering makes for that perfectly groomed look.

The following directions, gained personally by trial and error, will prove helpful, I hope, to the inexperienced laundress.

First find out the type of iron, heavy or light, small or large, you find it easiest to work with and buy the very best of its kind you can afford.

Use an ironing-board if you prefer one (I can't iron on a table), and have it at a height to suit your own. One woman I know always sits down to iron.

Remove any rings before starting to work. They will snag nylons and get caught up in any filmy material.

Anything sheer or moderately fine should be squeezed through suds.

To make suds, dissolve soap-flakes or soap in warm water. Never rub hard, use several lots of suds and fresh water. For any extra dirty spots use a *soft* brush.

Rinsing is important; rinse till the water is really clear — and I mean really clear.

Before washing remove any trimmings that might become damaged. Close zippers.

Removable "trims" should be placed in a boiler in cold water, softened with borax and soap-flakes, and boiled quickly for 20 minutes.

Lastly, don't alibi on the "no time" excuse. It will prove rewarding to budget your daily routine to take in grooming.

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GOOD GROOMING

Continued from previous page

● On these pages are examples showing how attention to detail can build up to perfect grooming and chic. These small services are all within the reach of any woman who sets her heart on being well turned out.

SPICK-AND-SPAN LOOK

THE element of cleanliness for perfect grooming cannot be emphasised too often or too strongly. Remember, too, cleanliness is also economical. For instance, regular laundering after every wear will prolong the life of washable gloves. Suede gloves can be kept fresh by brushing them with a soft-bristled brush each time they are worn. Spare that extra minute for putting on gloves the correct way—fingers first, thumb last.

Keep a commercial fluid cleaner handy to ensure spotless neckbands; use a small amount, out of doors, if possible, because most fluids have a strong smell. Apart from this, dry-cleaning at home is not recommended because an amateur with lack of technical knowledge can so easily "mark" or "spot" fabric permanently.

Ideally, white accents should be removable. They should be washed regularly if washable, and fluid-cleaned if not.

Shoes polished or brushed—and for that "extra"-chic look, hair under control and hair-do right for the hat.

ACCESSORIES CHOICE

PARIS, as always, shows superb high-quality fashion with the choice of accessories. To illustrate this point (left) is an ensemble with artfully chosen accessories. Hat and gloves reflect the color of the ensemble exactly—no variations in shade. Bold spots of color in contrast can also look chic for accessories. But don't overdo it. These ideas are worth considering:

A garnet calf flat-heeled shoe with black-and-white tweeds; a big black velvet bag or muff with a slender, bright wool dress; and for a daytime dress in the new jet-brown—bag, black leather; gloves, chamois; paisley (red-and-yellow) silk turban; stockings, beige-taupe; nails and lips, rose-red.

OUT AFTER DARK

THE late-day formal evening dress with an off-shoulder bodice-top offers a rare opportunity for one of the most usual grooming faults — the Showing Shoulder Strap. There are two answers to this one—a strapless bra or "guards" attached inside the shoulder-line to keep straps out of sight. The guards (loops) should be sewn to the inside of the centre shoulder-seam.

Beauty note: There is nothing more shattering than the look of make-up stopping short at the chin-line. Continue it down to the line where your neck ends. Make-up for bared shoulders, backs, and arms should be the same color as you use for your face, but not necessarily the same preparation. See to it that the sweep from brow to bra-line is even in texture and that no dividing line remains. Pay special attention to the base of the throat and the middle of the back, which may be darker than the face. Powder and foundation with a rosy cast gives a pretty effect worn at night indoors. See the perfection of these points in the illustration (right).

A woman may look perfect, yet it is often the perfume she wears that leaves the most lasting impression. In selecting a perfume, choose one that is becoming to you and your personality. Any perfume that fails to give you a "lift" is wrong for you.

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IT RESULTS FROM ATTENTION TO DETAIL

THE BELTLESS SILHOUETTE

BELTLESSNESS, a Paris fad fast catching on in Australia, demands a smooth and perfectly groomed silhouette. The problem can be solved by a perfectly fitted foundation garment; or the girl with a well-proportioned figure can have a dress made with a fitted lining, fitted almost as intently as a foundation. A daily exercise is an idea, too. Try the following waist-whittling exercise for that sleek, smooth look:

Select a good-sized book as a prop and balance it flat on your tummy as you lie on the floor with knees bent and feet placed easily on the boards. The drill here is to keep the hips on the floor as you slowly push the book upward with the middle muscles, then slowly lower it. With practice, work up to a count of 100.

Remember, too, posture counts. Don't stoop, slouch, or drag your feet when you walk. Learn to walk gracefully; head up, shoulders back, and tummy held firmly. Hold the body straight but relaxed, keep your feet parallel and close together, with toes pointed straight.

A simple way to test posture is to stand against a wall with heels, legs, shoulders, head, and hips touching the wall. If your posture is good there should be practically no space between the wall and your body except for the centre of the back, where there should be just enough room to put your hand.

CHERISH YOUR FURS

THIS season, day or evening, there's a concentration on fur and the fur accent—it can be a fur tie or collar, a muff, a full-length coat, a blouse. But, large or small, any item of fur you own should be cherished and given special attention.

Furs should be frequently shaken to remove all loose dust, and if they have been out in the rain they should be wiped over with a clean piece of silk. Never dry furs by a fire or artificial heat. The heat will harden and dry the pelts.

To clean furs, first gently beat them. Next spread the fur thickly with slightly warm bran or sawdust and rub it in with the fingers. If the furs are very soiled the bran should be left for several hours. It must then be shaken and the fur combed gently with a coarse steel comb.

WATCH THAT HEMLINE

YOU'VE heard, of course, that numbers of autumn clothes have a coat or tunic which stops a couple of inches above the skirt (see ensemble left). This brings the eye right down to the two hemlines. Milady, watch that hem. An uneven, sagging, or swooping one is a "good" example of bad grooming.

The incorrect length from the ground is also careless grooming. Currently correct is 14 inches up; an inch shorter or longer is permissible according to the wearer's figure proportions.

Pressing wool is an autumn-winter grooming hazard. Woollens should be steam-pressed—never actually ironed. To do this, use an ordinary iron (not too hot) and a pressing-cloth of muslin, evenly moistened. Press by setting the iron down carefully on the pressing-cloth, lifting it and setting it down again, until the entire surface has been pressed. Do not lean heavily on the iron. It is not necessary and it marks the cloth.

If before pressing a garment you close the zipper, it will be less likely to get "stuck" or out of commission. The trouble spot is usually at the bottom of the zipper, where, with rough or careless treatment, the ends of the "track" are loosened.

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UNSIGHTLY HAIR?

Banish it in 3 minutes

Hair under the arms and on legs ruins your charm. And you can get rid of it so easily this new way. Never use a razor which only makes the hair grow faster and coarser. Just smooth on dainty Veet cream. After 3 minutes wash it off. All embarrassing hair has vanished, leaving your skin velvery smooth. No soreness, no stubble. Veet, at chemists and wherever toilet preparations are sold. Large Economy (double size) 4/11 Medium Size 3/-. Success is guaranteed with Veet or money will be refunded.

L258

ARE YOU ONE OF THESE?

The tempo of modern life has stripped (or is in the process of stripping) most non-essential decoration. Follow the theme through in dressing and add "functional" to your fashion vocabulary.

NO woman can look well groomed if she is overloaded.

One of the most common faults in fashion is "too much and too mixed." It can be too much jewellery, too many bright colors, too many non-essentials, too much fussy trimming, too many gadgets.

A good fashion motto is "When in doubt, don't."

First take the case of Mrs. Past-Forty. You all know her,

Mrs. Past-Forty.

and often glimpse her shopping and gadding around.

Mrs. P.-F. imagines the very newest in fashion is her dish, and she simply must follow every new fashion fad—slavishly. She is short and not slim.

She also has the idea that gay and mixed accessories are just the thing to brighten dark clothes. She's wrong twice.

Mrs. P.-F. should be content to read about High Fashion. She should wear conventional classic clothes and have them carefully fitted. Clothes that are too loose or too tight will make her look bigger than she is.

She will be best in one-colored suits and dresses (in a color to suit her eyes and hair) or a fabric with a small all-over design.

A jacket that is semi-fitted at the waist and hips and well fitted at the shoulder-line will do lots for her. A loose, boxy jacket won't do a thing.

A belt slightly below the natural waistline — it must be narrow and in the same color and material as the dress it is worn with—will add length and elegance to her figure.

Her accessories must always be neat and in harmony with the ensemble she wears—classic court shoes always.

In brief, she must learn to dress her age and type; by doing so she will soon acquire a reputation for being well turned out and well groomed.

THEN there is Miss Career-Girl. Her motto: "I must be chic and modern" (I suppose she adds "attractive"). The result is a walking jumble sale.

She dotes on color and something "amusing." She seems to have tied up "amusing" and "color" with "contemporary." I long to be the best friend who tells.

I see her looking elegant and easy in a one-piece collarless and beltless coat-dress. It is champagne colored, buttoned from neckline to hem with beaver-brown buttons.

The dress "bells" slightly at the hemline, and is worn with short mesh gloves in beaver-brown matched to classic court shoes. She carries a large fake-fur beaver muff.

Miss Career-Girl

This and gold stud earrings are the only possible items about her dressing that might be called even faintly "amusing." She looks stunning.

LASTLY there is Miss Teenager. She has a passion for costume jewellery and has acquired the habit of wearing dangling bracelets, earrings, and a necklace—all at the same time. Sometimes she adds a cocktail ring for good measure.

Unfortunately, too, she loves what she terms "feminine" clothes. Nipped waistline, wide skirt, moulded bodice, and a slightly too low neckline. She also loves her long dark bobbed hair. Her figure is s.s.w.

In my mind's eye I see her looking quite perfect in a beltless button-up sheath-dress in vivid Chinese blue (the color makes the most of her end-of-the-season tan). I picture her hair clipped and shaped to her head, and just stopping short at the nape of her neck.

Miss Teenager.

The accessories I consider chic with her tailored sheath are bamboo-colored flat-heeled classic shoes, short, immaculate white gloves, a bamboo straw handbag piped in white, and heavy gold earrings. (No other jewellery.) I see her minus a hat.

I think the result would be exactly how a really smart teenager should look.

TO CLEAN JEWELLERY

CARE of jewellery, real or fake, means keeping it bright and clean. Precious stones deserve a yearly professional clean by a jeweller, but in between this annual event jewellery needs special home attention. Here is some general advice:

PEARLS should be wiped gently with a piece of silk after every wear. They should never be put in water, and it is a fallacy that pearls improve with wearing. In fact, they deteriorate slightly and are apt to discolor.

Precious stones can also be treated at home. Simply wash and soak the jewellery in warm water to which a few drops of household ammonia have been added and clean both the back and front of the piece with cotton-wool or an old tooth-brush.

Never clean costume jewellery before examining the setting, because it is often set with glue or cement, and in this case it should not be put in water.

The correct way to clean and brighten this sort of jewellery is with British whiting.

Simply rub a little on the article (dry) and brush with a soft-bristled brush. When silver jewellery tarnishes, polish it as you would table silver.

Watches should always be cleaned by an expert.

How well are you groomed

If you can truthfully answer yes to nine of the 12 questions listed below you are above average in grooming. Seven is average; five is below average.

1 — Is your lingerie fresh daily; your dress and accessories always spick and span?

2 — Shoes well brushed or polished and heels on an even keel?

3 — Shoulder-straps and petticoat hems out of sight and all fasteners sewed on securely?

4 — Have you checked handbag items? Make-up, comb, clean handkerchief all in place and handbag lining spotless?

5 — No runs in nylons, seams straight and dead centre?

6 — Neckline free of make-up, inside and out, and shoulders minus any wisps of hair?

7 — Have you checked skirtline for sagging or unstitched hem?

8 — Blouse-and-skirt addicts, are you sure your blouse is tucked in neatly and belt firm enough to stay in place?

9 — If you wear a beltless dress, is its line smooth and unwrinkled, no bulges? Have you paid careful attention to foundation garments to have it stay that way?

10 — Gloves immaculate?

11 — Do you always lightly brush the surface and any trimming on your hat?

12 — Have you paid special attention to side and back view?

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HIGHLIGHT YOUR EASTER PARADE WITH FLATTERING LINGERIE, HOSIERY, BRAS, GLOVES

You'll find KAYSER everything it's cracked up to be

Style 9612. Frothy nylon slip with pleats at bustline, and flounce. 32-40". White, Blush, 59/11

Style 9713. Heavenly Nylon Nightgown trimmed with embroidered Nylon. 34-40". Blue, Blush, White. 89/11

Style 4045. Pre-shrunk fabric glove with embroidered cuff and back. 7 fashionable colours 13/6

Kayser Bras — long line and strapless.

Style 8671. No-iron pleated cotton half-slip with snug elastic waist. 24-28". White, Pink, Blue 52/6

Every glamorous chick will chirp with delight at Kayser's fabulous fashions, perfect fit, new dream fabrics. Never before have you seen such a wondrous parade of Easter finery. And it doesn't take your nest-egg, either, for loveliness costs so little when you wear Kayser . . . not by chance — by design — Australia's most lovable Lingerie, Hosiery, Bras and Gloves.

The Finest Nylons you can buy!

Kayser "Enchantress." 9 Denier 75 Gauge — the most luxurious nylons in the world 19/11

Kayser "Embraceables." World famous s-t-r-e-t-c-h nylons. 15 denier 15/11

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Come out of your shell into the glamour **KAYSER** alone achieves

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AND GAIETY TOO!

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Ideal for Dresses, Blouses, Pyjamas, Sportswear, etc.

When accidents happen–

DON'T RISK INFECTION

Remember —

there's **safety** in **Solyptol!**

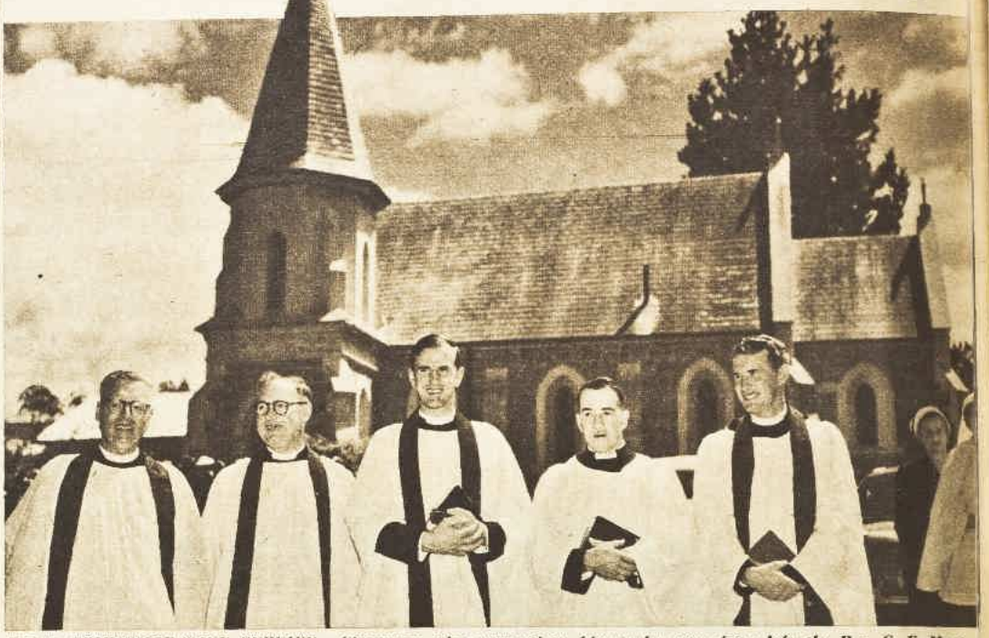
You can make certain that your son's cuts and scratches never get infected. Bathe them in a solution of Solyptol, the powerful, safe antiseptic. Keep a bottle in your home, and be ready for any emergency.

Solyptol

antiseptic

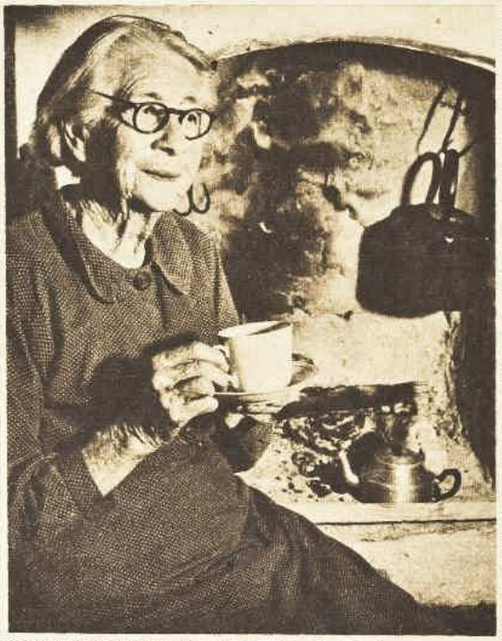
IF IT'S FAULDING'S —— IT'S PURE

"Back to Adaminaby"



FINAL COMMEMORATIVE SERVICE. Clergymen who returned to Adaminaby were, from left, the Rev. G. E. Martin, now of Peterborough, S.A., and the Rev. G. K. Armstrong, now of Taralga, N.S.W. Rural Dean of the Monaro, the Rev. G. Julian, centre, is beside the secretary of Parish Council, Keith McPhie, and, right, present rector, the Rev. J. Brain.

LAST MEETING. Grandstands were packed for the final race meeting of the Adaminaby Jockey Club. Course was in use for years before the club was founded 56 years ago.



OLD INHABITANT Mrs. Henrietta Mould does not want to move from the town where she was born 86 years ago. "I like houses with fireplaces and verandahs," she said.

Old residents come back for last time

By a STAFF REPORTER

Former residents came from many parts of Australia and from as far away as New Zealand last week to salute the little mountain township of Adaminaby, N.S.W., soon to be flooded as part of the Snowy River scheme. "Back to Adaminaby Week" was the last important function the old town will probably see.

BY the end of this year old Adaminaby should be empty. Seventy per cent. of the people will have moved to New Adaminaby —a model township designed by Professor Denis Winston, Snowy Mountains Authority town-planning consultant.

For the last time, townspeople welcomed back those who had left years ago, and sat up late at night by lantern light to share memories which no water will ever be able to wash away.

Although the stores and houses which slope uphill on the old gold route to Kiandra will vanish, Adaminaby people put on no mourning but their best clothes to attend the last church services, race meeting, and show.

And they decorated the town with brave pennants and colored lights for "Back to Adaminaby Week."

For over 100 years now, sheep and cattle have grazed upon the paddocks and granite - strewn hills of Monaro, and winter snows have whitened the farmhouses of the Eucumbene Valley and the homes of Adaminaby — an aboriginal term meaning "I lie here."

But the people of Adaminaby are resigned, for there is nothing they can do to stop the progress of the great Adaminaby Dam, which will cover 35,500 acres, will store about four million acre feet of water, and will rise 3825 feet to obliterate the historic valley of the Eucumbene.

In a month or so they will begin the move to New Adaminaby. The settlement is set down on 200 acres acquired from "Bolaro View" property, which for five generations has been in the family of its owner, Mr. L. Freebody.

When winter's snows fall again, the granite St. John's Church of England and the timbered bank will be rising on their new sites. Modern homes on blocks averaging 60ft. x 150ft. will be edging the raw earth roads.

In time the rawness will vanish, and New Adaminaby will acquire new traditions, brought to it by the men and women of Monaro.

During "Back to Adaminaby Week," the younger people talked of the new town and its amenities, but the middle-aged and the elderly preferred to look backwards.

One of Adaminaby's oldest residents, Mrs. Henrietta Jane Mould, aged 86, was thoughtful when she talked about the new town.

"They say it will be warmer

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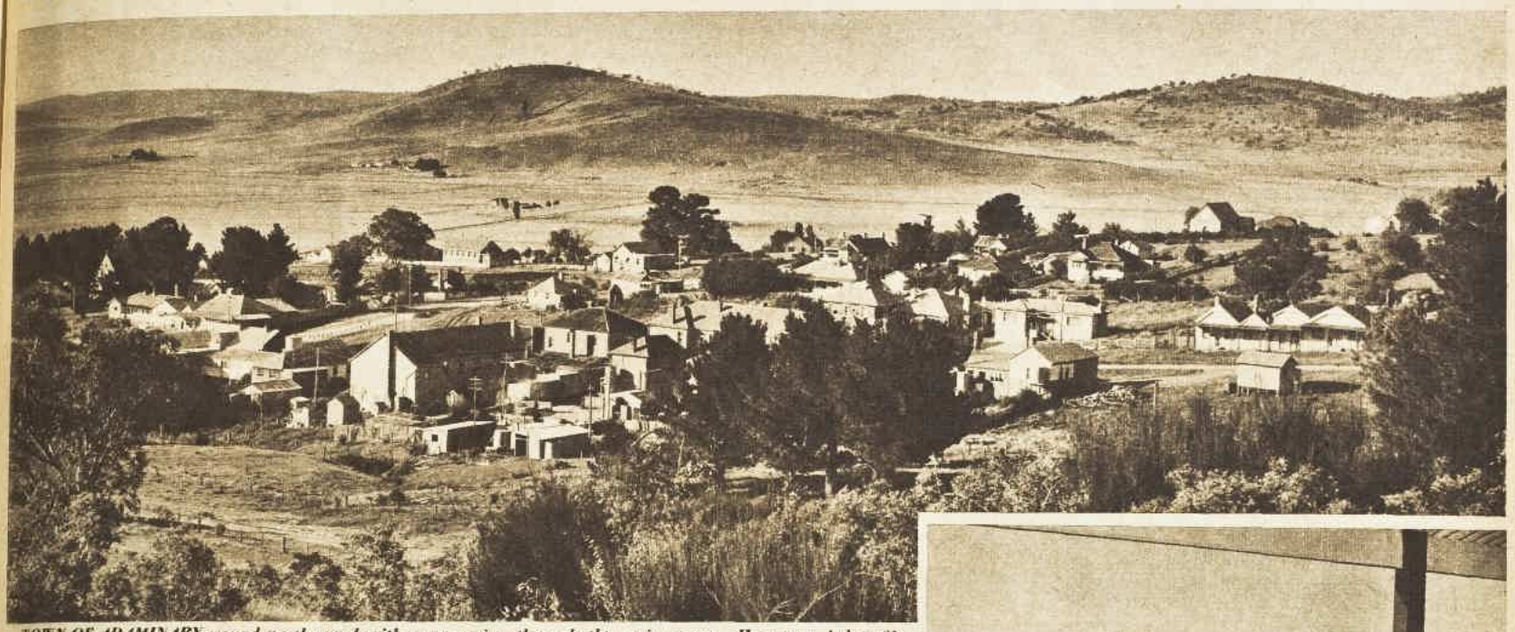
A SALUTE TO A DYING TOWN



TOWN OF ADAMINABY wound up the week with a procession through the main street. Horsemen led a file of decorated floats. Water will eventually cover all buildings seen here, as well as Eucumbene Valley in the background. Houses will be shifted or demolished. Pictures by staff photographer Ron Berg.

in winter; we won't need so many blankets," she said. "They say the new houses will be comfortable. But I like mine as it is. A place is no good to me without a fireplace or a verandah. I like a good verandah."

A visitor who returned was Mrs. C. L. A. Abbott, of Bowral, whose grandfather John Harnett built the original Eucumbene Homestead, now demolished, before Adaminaby arose as a town. She revisited the site—due also to be drowned—and talked of the days when great slides of snow came hissing into the fireplace.

For the last time she looked at the lake where the black swans floated, and at the tussocky grass, once bound into brushes to whiten the stones of the hearth.

Under the trees in the school playground, 79-year-old John Thorp came back after 53 years away in New Zealand to stand with his brother Philip. The acacias planted by John and his sister May one Arbor Day at the beginning of the 1890s are now tall and leafy.

"I left school in 1892," Mr. Thorp said. "It seems no time since we were helping to build it, chucking the bricks to the workmen on the job."

The blacksmith's shop where the two brothers shod the district's horses is a ruin, and the fire in the forge has long since died.

Very changed was the Snowy Highway for Mr. Harry Sims, of Bright, Victoria, back after 43 years to walk uphill in the tracks of the bullock teams which he once drove on the plodding four-day journey from Cooma to Kiandra.

Childhood memories of bearded horsemen and of "old women in their shawls and black dresses, wearing lace caps or violet-trimmed black hats" returned for Mrs. E. M. Eppelstun, of Orbost, Victoria, and Mrs. George Reed, of Delegate, N.S.W., formerly "Bab" and Eva Dunne.

But they found familiar faces in the streets and at the School of Arts dance, where the band played until 3 a.m.

On the day the Adaminaby Jockey Club held its last race meeting on the old course, children played near the bookmakers' bright umbrellas, where elderly men with nicotine-stained moustaches leaned upon their sticks to talk about the gallop of Herb Turner's Thunderer, winner of the Old Adaminaby Handicap that day.

Stories of gold discovered by his grandfather at Kiandra were swapped by Mr. Mick Russell with Mr. Eric Delaney, whose grandmother remembered when "Adaminaby consisted of a tent in Picnic Gully."

At the end, when it was all over, President of the scheme, Leo Barry, Councillors Clancy Kingston and O. W. V. Kennedy, Treasurer Cecil Schwager, and Secretary Geoff Yen felt that the week would long be remembered.

After one of the final services in St. John's Church of England, when the parishioners sang the hymn "We Love the Place, O God," they stood looking down upon their town, the wide valley, and the distant cemetery where pioneers of Monaro lie.

Strangely enough, although the town and farmlands will be flooded, this cemetery will remain above water on a peninsula linked by land to the new site, enabling those who die in the future to join those who died in the past.

NEW ADAMINABY. Mrs. Harold Caldwell, whose husband manages "Bolaro View," looks from homestead down to site of New Adaminaby, where new Snowy Highway (right) is at present being driven through.

WITH OLD RACE CUPS of the past as a background, Mrs. J. Heywood and Mr. Mick Russell talked over next year's race meeting, to be held on the course to be built at New Adaminaby. Mr. Russell, "father of Adaminaby's racing," holds over nine cups.

COACHING DAYS were recalled by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brooks (left) and their friend Mr. James Reynolds.

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Only CLAN MURRAY Skirts

have the waist that e-x-p-a-n-d-s and breathes

Gripu Freedom Waist stays permanently slim HERE

IT'S THE WAISTBAND that causes half the worry in a skirt: if it's neat when you stand, it's too tight when you bend or stretch. Your blouse or sweater rides up and sags awkwardly over your skirt. But now, the exclusive Gripu Waistband expands and breathes as you do, holds your top in place, keeps your waist trim, always. It's the smooth-in-action formula that keeps Test Cricketers' creams so neat, now translated into Clan Murray's marvellous range of classically beautiful skirts that adjust to half-inch waist sizes.

Permanently-pleated Terylene →

Deft arrangement of razor-edge pleats that stay in through endless washings. Work, play in a skirt that keeps its bandbox newness for ever.
Terylene worsted 25 to 30" *Style 7101* (half-inch waist adjustment)
32 to 38", *Style No. 7101/1*

Clan Murray skirts
About £5/5/ to £8/8/

GRIPU secret is the invisible band of live elastic

New Glen Heather Twist

Fashion's favourite tweedy look, but in a fine worsted that pleats sharply. Whatever you do, your midriff stays smooth with the Gripu Freedom Waist. 25 to 30" (½-inch adjustment)
Style No. 7113

New, Slim, Sheath Skirt

Your sheath skirt for office or city wear stays always slim and trim thanks to the Gripu Freedom Waist. In a soft warm rayon with the newest fleck effect. 25 to 30" (½-inch adjustment).
Style No. 7104

Tweedy Look in Fine Pleats

It's wonderful, in active sports, to know that the Gripu Freedom waist keeps your silhouette neat all day long. Swinging pleats that fall in a slim line but swirl out as you move. *Style 7110* 25 to 30" (½-inch adjustment) *Style No. 7110/1* 32 to 38"

Top Right: A Whirl of Open Checks

A whirl of open checks, flaring from a neat, smooth waist, held comfortably firm by the Gripu Freedom Waistband. Pure wool worsted in exciting new colour. 25 to 30" (½-inch adjustment). Price about *Style 7127*

Any **CLAN MURRAY** skirt can be ordered your favourite store. Ask to see the Quick-Order-Service folder of all the 1956 styles.

TRADE ENQUIRIES TO: D. & W. MURRAY (Australia) Limited Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Launceston and GOODE DURRANT & MURRAY Limited, Adelaide and Perth

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WHAT IS BABY SAYING?

This week is the second - last opportunity readers have of winning £100 in prizemoney in our "Baby Talk" contest.

NEXT week's issue will be the last contest for captions—No. 20 in the series—for our baby studies by Constance Bannister, of New York.

Each week we offer a first prize of £50, three awards of £10, three of £5, and five of £1.

The £50 first prize in "Baby Talk" Contest No. 16 was won by Mrs. E. Young, 45 Yeend St., Merrylands, N.S.W. Her entry was: "Some guy Burgess from Moscow."

£10 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. H. G. Knowles, 302 Upper Dawson Rd., Rockhampton, Qld.:
"Any of you chaps answer to the name of Cuddles?"

Mr. B. Hogan, 15 Surrey St., King's Cross, N.S.W.:
"In this dream I was at the office, and all I had on . . ."

Mrs. W. A. Richards, c/o Manager's Residence, Mental Hospital, Rydalmere, N.S.W.:
"Gee, boss, this is the first private call I've had all day."

£5 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. J. McIntosh, 96 William St., Bowen, Nth. Qld.:
"Miss Brown, quickly—one dozen roses and a happy anniversary card to my address."

Miss Melba J. Johnson, 496 Kirkcaldy Rd., Fulham Gardens, via Lockleys, S.A.:

"Some guy Burgess from Moscow."

"Miss McGonnigle, WAS I supposed to meet my wife for lunch today?"

Mrs. E. Bayley, 9 Dominic St., Camberwell, Vic.:
"It's the dry-cleaners; my suit won't be ready until tomorrow."

£1 prizes were awarded to:

Mrs. Crisp Ohlson, c/o Cox Bros., Elizabeth St., Hobart:
"An account for a mink coat . . . in my name . . . impossible!"

Mrs. H. Perry, 29 Yilgarn St., Shenton Park, W.A.:
"It's not oil, Miss Jones—only water."

Mrs. D. L. Speck, 10 Keirle St., Nth. Manly, N.S.W.:
"It's our book-keeper, calling from South America, sir."

Mrs. R. J. Paris, 35 Shoobra Rd., Elsternwick S4, Vic.:
"What will I say, fellers? She wants me to buy a ring."

Mrs. N. McVicars, 18 Sussex Rd., Spearwood, W.A.:
"Straight out or place?"

CONTEST RULES

1. Write a caption of not more than 15 words for the picture above. You may send as many entries as you like.
2. Each group of entries from the one competitor must be accompanied by the entry coupon.
3. Write clearly, addressing entries to "Baby Talk," Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.
4. Entries for "Baby Talk" Contest No. 19 close on March 19. Winners will be announced in our issue dated April 4.
5. The decision of the judges will be final. No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.
6. When entries are duplicated, the first one opened will be put aside for further judging.
7. Employees of Consolidated Press Ltd. and associate companies and their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

ENTRY COUPON
The Australian Women's Weekly "Baby Talk" Contest
No. 19
March 14, 1956

ADAM AND EVE

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

MY wife gave me two well-chosen ties for Christmas, which I had not got around to wearing until just recently. We had a big family wedding on, so I thought I would wear one of the ties.

My wife was waiting in the lounge-room for me to finish dressing before we left. When I walked out with one of her ties on she looked at me and said, "Oh, you have one of your new ties on . . . Why are you wearing that one? Don't you like the other one?"

£2/2/- to Mr. A. L. McGEE, 53 Myna St., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

JUST LIKE A MAN

MY husband was delivering me to the local maternity hospital—and I must admit I was doing my best to appear unconcerned, although I was rather frightened of what lay ahead.

Imagine my surprise when he kissed me good-bye and said:

"You mustn't worry about me, dear, I'll be all right."

£2/2/- to Mrs. R. HOWARTH, 36 Railway Pde., Corrimal, N.S.W.

****

Address your entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman" and send them to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Combination snack bar and storage wall

MAKE A
BUFFET wall
WITH C.S.R. TIMBROCK
easy to saw

Lack of cupboard space *your* problem? If you catch onto this idea there'll be a smart and spacy Buffet Wall gracing that kitchen a few weeks hence. Reason: Any man who can handle a saw can build it in a few weekends, for a few pounds, with Timbrock Hardboard.

6 REASONS WHY TIMBROCK WILL SERVE YOU BEST

1 **Easier to work.** You can use ordinary carpenter's tools with flexible Timbrock because it's splinterless and grainless.
2 **6 inches wider.** Ordinary hardboards are 4 ft. wide. Timbrock is 4' 6". This width fits standard 18" wall studding without wasteful cutting. Real moneysaver.
3 **Flexible.** Timbrock can be bent round corners if required.
4 **Finest paint surface.** The glass-smooth pressurised finish takes any type of paint. And you use *less* paint with Timbrock.
5 **Timbrock is White Ant proofed.** Timbrock was buried for a year in white ant riddled ground. Result when it was unearthed: Timbrock was not touched!
6 **Six lengths.** 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 14 feet lengths. Also, handy short sizes available.

Sold by hardware stores and timber merchants.

Made by The Colonial Sugar Refining Co. Ltd., Building Materials Division. Sydney, Newcastle, Wagga, Melbourne, Brisbane, Townsville, Adelaide, Perth.

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...natural wood made better
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Continental FASHION SECRETS Revealed to Home Dressmakers

THIS EXCITING NEW 'VILENE' BOOK, written by Continental Experts, tells you how to give the professional Look and Shape to fashions you sew at home with **Wonder-Underlining**

PAGE 13 TELLS SECRETS OF COLLARS THAT HOLD SHAPE
You can tailor at home professional-looking suits or coats; the Vilene Book makes collars, facings, easy.

PAGE 15 BARE-SHOULDER STRAPLESS THAT STAYS UP
Discover how easy it is to make strapless evening gowns or swim suits that look highly professional.

PAGE 10 PEG-TOP SKIRTS AND STAND-AWAY POCKETS
Full instructions for well-fitting peg-top skirts and the secrets of high-fashion pockets that keep their line.

PAGE 18 GIVING CHILDREN'S CLOTHES AN EXPENSIVE LOOK
You can run up inexpensive clothes that have an "imported" air when Vilene makes the shape.

PAGE 19 SIMPLE-TO-MAKE CHIC ACCESSORIES Costly-looking belts, slippers, waistcoats, beach bags and evening bags, can be run up from mere scraps and look as if you paid a fortune for them.
The Vilene Book tells how.

PAGE 16 SECRET OF THE "BOUNCING" PETTICOAT Basis of all your full skirts — a stiff swirling petticoat.
PAGE 10 shows how even beginners can easily put in zippers that stay smooth and flat — no problem.
PAGES 4-5 explain just which Vilene weight and colour you need for every purpose in home sewing.
PAGE 11 tells the professional (but so-easy) way of making button-holes neatly and firmly.
PAGE 7 gives clear instructions for cutting any pattern in Vilene and the correct way of seaming it.

REMEMBER THE GENUINE IMPROVED VILENE DOES NOT EVER CHANGE ITS COLOUR. The Vilene now in stock at your favourite store is the new, greatly improved Vilene, which will not yellow or darken, no matter how often you wash it or dry-clean it. You can tell the genuine Vilene, because the name is printed along the selvedge of every bolt. Be very sure you are buying nothing but the real Vilene — Fashion's Wonder Underlining.

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Buys you "Sewing with VILENE" at the VILENE counter at your Favourite Store

Featherlight
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Quick-drying
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FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Family rows are awful. Edicts by parents often seem cruel, but they are based on love and worldly wisdom and in most cases are right. Sometimes, of course, they are wrong.

FIRST letter this week comes from a girl miserable over a decision her father has made.

"I AM almost 17 years old and I have a problem. I am sure I am in love with a boy three years my senior. My father does not approve of this boy, and says if I don't give him up he will send me to reform school. I want to leave home and get a job, but am told I cannot without my father's permission, because I am under age. Would you please print this and tell me what to do? Can my father do as he says? What age can I leave home?"

"Troubled Lass," N.S.W.

I cannot tell you what to do. I don't know the full story, but I feel that you should consider carefully what your father said before he threatened you with reform school. I should think he feels you are too young to be serious about one particular boy and that he would prefer you to enjoy yourself light-heartedly with two or three different ones. Your father cannot send you to a "reform" school. You cannot leave home, according to the Child Welfare Act, until you are 18 years of age. One thing you can do is to talk over your troubles with a Chamber Magistrate. Part of his duties is to give advice where it is wanted.

If you live in the country, go to the Clerk of Petty Sessions at the nearest court-house and tell him you want to see a Chamber Magistrate; if you live in the city you will find a Chamber Magistrate at most of the lower courts. Look in the phone book under State Government Departments, Clerks of Petty Sessions. The work of a Chamber Magistrate is confidential, of course, and his advice is available to everyone, quite free of charge. Seeing a Chamber Magistrate may help, because if you know exactly what you can do you feel better about everything and often see an amicable solution.

"MY problem is rather an unusual one, and I look forward to your help. I am married, but I am only 16. I am very interested in music, mostly hillbilly, and I wish to learn to sing or play an instrument. But is it right for me to start now, and are there any places where people like me can learn? I know many singers are married, but I think they all were single when they studied, especially women. Do you think it unwise to spend time and money (I haven't got much of either) on music when now that I am married I can look forward to other interests like dressmaking? Do you think that the chance of success is very slim now that I can't leave home to study? Most people say 'yes' to every way I put the question, and I can't settle down. But I know I will settle down when I get a real answer."

"Wondering."

Every girl wants to have a happy marriage, and it takes many things to make one. To make yours happy and successful I think you should learn music, because if you don't you will always wish inside you that you had, and be a little unhappy about it. Unfortunately you did not say whether you were from the city or the country. But if you are from the city, or live near a big town, your problem is simple, as there are many good music teachers.

Of course, it all boils down really to a question of what money and what instrument you have. If you have a piano in the house, learn to play that for a start, as it will help you with your singing, but if you have no piano, and have the money to buy a guitar, I am told that that is the ideal instrument for hillbilly songs, and is comparatively easy to learn. If you live in the country there are correspondence courses sold for guitar playing.

If you have no money to spend on an instrument and no piano, every time you get a chance, listen to the radio and study the styles of successful women singers. Being married is no bar to learning singing. I think it is a very good idea to do something like that after marriage if you can because it makes you more interesting. There is nothing worse than a married woman who thinks of nothing but her housework. Their husbands soon get bored with them, too.

A word from Debbie . . .

- Artificial flowers which have lost their first freshness for wear on dress or hat are most attractive when used to catch back bedroom curtains or to add a gay touch on the corner of the dressing-table mirror.
- Yum-Yum biscuits are the latest. Mix 1 small carton of peanut butter, 1 tin condensed milk, and 8oz of cereal flakes. Place teaspoonfuls on greased trays and bake for 15 minutes in a moderate oven. Cool on trays.
- Clever with your fingers? Make a cushion-cover and close it with a zipper. Fill the cushion with your knitting wools or scraps of material. It's always handy to know where things are.
- Straw flowers ring the changes on your black suede flatties. Make them of raffia or narrow hat-straw, use a black centre, sew them on the front of your shoes, and you have party slippers. Daisies are smartest and easiest to make—the size of the party governs the size of the daisy—the smaller the bigger if you're feeling that way.

DISC DIGEST

OPERA lovers are well served with two 45-r.p.m. extended play discs which recently became available. Both are transfers from complete recordings and are made to order for those collectors whose budgets won't stretch to the large sets.

BENIAMINO GIGLI is the star of 7ERO.5037 with scenes from "Tosca" and "Aida." From Puccini's hair-raising opera we have "Or Lasciami Al Lavora," the impassioned love duet from Act I. His prima donna is Maria Caniglia, the celebrated soprano. These two magnificent voices are united again on the reverse side: The Tomb Scene from Verdi's spectacle of ancient Egypt, the finale of the opera. The contralto, Ebe Stignani, contributes her rich voice.

A collection without at least one Gigli recording can hardly warrant the name, so if you are lacking a souvenir of one of the greatest voices of all time, this is it.

The second record, 7ERO.-5050, offers a cross-section of the third act of "Faust," since it contains "C'est ici," the recitative between Faust (Nicolai Gedda) and Mephistopheles (Boris Christoff), which then becomes "Salut! demeure chaste et pure." On the reverse side of the record we have "The Ballad Of The King of Thule" sung by Marguerite (Victoria de los Angeles), at the conclusion of which she gives a most thrilling performance of "The Jewel Song."

THIS record is a timely release, since Victoria de los Angeles will be visiting Australia later this year.

In musical content each of these seven-inch discs is the equivalent of two 12-inch standard records.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

DOCTORS PROVE PALMOLIVE CAN BRING YOU a lovelier complexion IN 14 DAYS

The very first time you change from careless cleansing to the Palmolive Beauty Plan, you'll actually see Palmolive *begin to bring out beauty while it cleans your skin.* And in 14 days or less, your skin can be softer, smoother, younger looking.

NOT JUST A PROMISE BUT A PROVED BEAUTY PLAN

Here's all you do: Gently massage Palmolive's extra-mild, pure lather onto your skin for just a minute twice a day. Then rinse and pat dry.

REGULAR — BATH SIZE — SUPERBATH

YOU TOO can look for these complexion improvements in 14 days

- Fresher, brighter complexion
- Less oiliness
- Added softness and smoothness
- Fewer tiny blemishes—blackheads
- Complexion clearer—more radiant

USE PALMOLIVE . . . IT'S SO MILD—SO GENTLE . . . THAT'S WHY PALMOLIVE IS BY FAR THE LARGEST SELLING TOILET SOAP IN AUSTRALIA.

Add dash to every dish!

BREAKFAST

LUNCH

DINNER

Always a mealtime favorite, *Rosella Tomato Sauce* has the true tomato flavour that *instantly appeals*, adding appetising zest to your every-day meals.

No Preservatives
No Artificial Coloring

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TOMATO SAUCE

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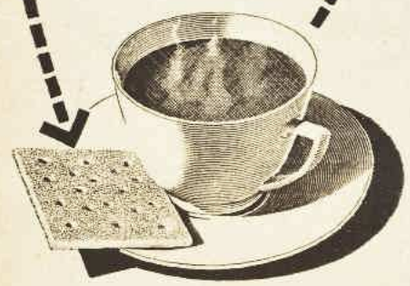
NEW easier way to SLIM!



FORTIFIED WITH VITAMINS

avodex

If you can't lose unsightly, distressing fat it's probably because dieting leaves you feeling hungry. You eat more for contentment—and up goes your weight again! That's why AVODEX—the entirely new diet treatment—is slimming thousands of overweight sufferers. AVODEX is a pleasant tasting biscuit which quells nagging hunger, giving you the satisfied feeling of a "full stomach." You simply take one tasty AVODEX with a nice cup of tea or other drink, and your craving for sweets, cake, breads and other "fat formers" will disappear. You'll lose unwanted fat—you'll feel better all round—mind clearer, body more active—and more attractive! Each AVODEX biscuit contains the full supply of vitamins found in a normal meal. Try ethical AVODEX to-day, in conjunction with the simple diet chart provided. It's the new, easier way to slim!

Ask your chemist

Get the full 12-day course at chemists only, price 25/-.

AV.5

Make Baby's Hair CROW CURLY
4 Weeks Treatment
3/6 EVERYWHERE
Curlypet

BACKACHE swiftly checked

Are you afraid to bend or stoop? Do nagging backaches, aching joints make life a misery? These pains could be due to listless kidneys not carrying out their vital job of removing harmful wastes from the blood. These wastes can cause backache, rheumatic pains, loss of energy, disturbed nights, leg pains, etc. At first sign of kidney upset, follow the lead of sufferers all over the world—get Doan's Backache-Kidney Pills. Doan's should bring swift, comforting relief and set those lazy kidneys to work again.

He says women not 'great' cooks

When it comes to women, Monsieur Raymond Oliver, the best-known chef and restaurateur in France, isn't exactly a disciple of Dale Carnegie.

M. OLIVER. France's best-known chef, at work in the kitchen of his restaurant.

By HAROLD DVORETSKY, of our London staff

RECENTLY in Paris Oliver was asked why he preferred the culinary rules of his father to those of his grandmother, both of whom are credited with being excellent cooks.

His reply—"Women are good cooks, but they are incapable of inventing a new dish. If they are sometimes excellent imitators, they are never great chefs" — brought howls of protest and challenges from the "weaker sex."

Having delivered this broadside, verbally and in print, Oliver, as brave as ever (he was a lieutenant in the wartime Maquis), went back on the French television network and within minutes had the ladies and gentlemen of France once again eating out of his hand, using his recipes, and packing his three restaurants.

This 47-year-old, handsome, bearded owner of one of the most famous restaurants in Paris, Le Grand Vefour, will supervise the food for the gala dinner to be held at Prince's Restaurant on March 21 during the French Exhibition in Sydney. He will be at Prince's as supervisor chef for a week.

Every Monday night at 7.30 French households pack around their screens to watch Oliver, the TV Chef of France, show how and how not to cook. His half-hour programme is one of the most popular on French TV.

In addition, each week Oliver receives about 200 letters arising out of his television programme and his weekly column in one of the French women's magazines.

One woman wrote quite seriously that her cat was so enamored of the dish Oliver had been cooking on TV that when a close-up of it was shown the cat jumped to the screen and started licking it. Long after the programme ended, the cat remained to give the screen an occasional lick, and for days he kept eyeing the TV set.

The dish was roast turkey.

Besides his TV programme, his column, and his three other restaurants—two at Langdon, his birthplace in the Gironde, and one in the Grand Hotel in Stockholm—Oliver is a researcher and author.

He has a library of 2000 books on cooking, some of which date back to the 17th century.

In Australia, too, he is intent on research.

"I don't want to go to Australia to lecture Australians on how they should cook," he said. "What I want to do is to show Australians what contemporary French cooking is like. If they like it they will copy it.

"While I look forward to demonstrating French cookery, the thing that will interest me is the round-table conferences I hope to hold with Australian chefs. I feel there can be a mutual exchange of ideas between us.

"I also want to take back some Australian dishes to present at Le Grand Vefour in Paris."

Oliver has often been commissioned to "invent" new dishes. One menu he is to prepare in Australia is "Pigeon du Prince Rainier."

This dish was originally requested by the father of Prince Rainier of Monaco.

Oliver has been married twice. His son by his first marriage, Michel, now 23, is following his father's occupation and runs one of the family restaurants near Bordeaux.

Oliver met his second wife, Yvette, on a ski-ing holiday just after the war. They have three girls—Dominique (11), Chantal (10), and Sophie (7).

"Only Sophie, it seems, is interested in cooking," said Oliver. "The others couldn't care less about it, but Sophie takes every chance to follow me into the kitchen both at home and down at Le Grand Vefour. I think she may one day make a good cook."

But whether Sophie may make an "inventive" cook is something I couldn't get M. Oliver to declare.

Mitchell Will finalists

Twenty-five Australian girls have qualified as finalists in our Peter Mitchell Will Quest for 1956.

THESE 25 girls secured the highest marks in the written examination drawn up under the terms of the will of the late Peter Mitchell. They will visit Sydney on March 11 for the final tests, at which the 15 winners will be chosen.

The finalists are:

NEW SOUTH WALES: Laurie Chisholm, bank clerk, Ballina; Jennifer Clay, teacher, Manly; Elwyn Davis, schoolteacher, Wagga; Margaret Fisher, schoolteacher, South Grafton; Rosemary Fisher, trained nurse, Parramatta; Ann Green, home duties, Punchbowl; I. M. Mills, grazier, Glen Innes; Margery Perrett, physiotherapist, Kingsgrove; Allison Phillips, medical student, Rhodes; Janette Steenbohm, pharmacy student, Roseville; Anne Wallace, University student, Vaucluse.

VICTORIA: Anne Harris, schoolteacher, Camperdown; Maxine Martiensen, trainee teacher, Braybrook; C. A. Shepherd, nursing sister, Warrnambool; Jean Whitehead, University student, Carlton.

QUEENSLAND: Barbara Bennett, medical student, Brisbane; Nancy Crispin-Smith, governess, Talwood; Lorna Drinnen, schoolteacher, Bingera; Julanne Drynan, University student, Brisbane; Jill Farrar, speech teacher, Sandgate; Felicity Hamilton, teacher, Brisbane; Patricia Pryde, journalist, Redlynch.

TASMANIA: Margaret Watchorn, University student, Hobart.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA: Joan Williams, schoolteacher, Allendale East.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA: M. Airlie Love, student, Perth.

Prizewinners, who will be announced in a later issue, will be chosen by the same committee of experts who judged the finalists in the first quest, held last year.

Committee members are Professor A. P. Elkin, of Sydney University, who is the chairman; Miss Fanny Cohen, former headmistress of Fort St. Girls' High School, Sydney; Dr. John Fulton, chief executive officer and medical superintendent of the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital, Sydney; and Mrs. Charles Tilden, a former State honorary secretary of the Country Women's Association of N.S.W.

On March 14, the finalists will meet the trustees of the Peter Mitchell estate, who appointed The Australian Women's Weekly to conduct the test.

Peter Mitchell, a grazier, of Bringenbrong, near Albury, N.S.W., left a fortune to provide annual prizes to promising young men and women.

The trustees are Mr. Walter G. Henderson, a retired solicitor, of Robertson, N.S.W.; his daughter, Miss Jocelyn Henderson; Brigadier R. W. Tovell, of Melbourne; and the Union Trustee Company of Australia.

Results of the competition for young men will be announced later.

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82 Wash-ups

As Mrs. Modern discovered, it's amazing how much work one bottle of Trix will do! She kept a record of all she did with one bottle—and this is how it worked out . . .
Washing-up 82 times accounted for about two-thirds of the bottle. Trix is amazingly economical—takes only one teaspoon for a family wash-up. Best of all, when you wash-up with Trix, *you don't dry up*. (Women who use it say, "Trix cuts wash-up time in *half!*")

PLUS 3 Woollen Washes

Some of the bottle of Trix was used for three batches of woollens. Mrs. Modern says Trix is terrific for woollens . . . much safer and more efficient than washing with soap or powders. Trix does not shrink, thicken or harden woollies.

PLUS 2 Wash-Days

Twice the bottle of Trix went into the laundry. Because it "lifts out" and *absorbs* grease and dirt particles, Trix washes *cleaner, faster*. And Trix is safer for washing machines . . . it's non-foaming — no suds to spill over into the mechanism.

PLUS 1 Car Wash

"He" borrowed the Trix to clean the car . . . it's even better than "special" car shampoo, but much cheaper — he says. (All you do is wash with Trix-in-water, hosing as you go, and phfft! — that greasy traffic film's gone like magic.)

PLUS 1 Cleaning "Day"

A little Trix accounted for an amazing amount of general cleaning. Linoleum, paintwork, tiles, plastic—all come up smiling with a quick "once-over" when Trix-in-water goes to work.

PLUS 1 Stove Scouring

Another spoonful of Trix went to clean the stove. Trix just "lifts off" surface grease and grime. No need to toil over heavily encrusted, movable parts . . . just steep 'em in hot Trix-in-water. Trix actually attacks and dissolves grease deposits.

PLUS 1 Window Cleaning Day

Window cleaning used just a modicum of Trix . . . but what a marvellous job! One wipe with Trix-in-water — and smears and smudges just disappear before your eyes . . . those panes really sparkle!

PLUS 1 Glass Clean-up

"Display" glass and crystal, vases and ornaments needed a good clean—but goodness! — it took only a teaspoon of Trix, some water and a few minutes to restore their sparkle. No need to dry-up, remember, where Trix is concerned.

PLUS 1 Furniture Shampoo

. . . still enough Trix left in the bottle to give that upholstery a quick shampoo. 'Twas simply a matter of rubbing over the fabric with a spoonful of Trix in warm water. Dirt and grease soon disappear — colours come up bright as new.

Is it any wonder that, every day, more and more women are being "converted" to TRIX? Surely no other product can offer so much—for so little—as this modern "miracle" detergent!
If, as yet, YOU have never tried Trix—never discovered for *yourself* what a lot of work, time and money it can save you—you'll be foolish to waste another day before you buy a bottle.

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FAMOUS LAST WORDS

"There, thank heavens, we've finally got the dinner dishes all done and put away."

MOTHER

"Are they my children? Well, supposing they WERE?"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

JUDGING by announcements of hotel-building plans, Australia's days of inadequate tourist accommodation will soon be over.

At least two new luxury hotels are planned in Sydney.

The designs sound quite magnificent, though I am a little doubtful of one suggestion for a dining-room. It will have a transparent ceiling above which will be a swimming-pool.

The idea is that diners will enjoy watching swimmers disporting in the water above.

But do diners look at the ceiling?

More likely, the swimmers will wear underwater goggles and watch the diners.

Eating before onlookers, unless the onlookers are eating, too, is always uncomfortable. Hence the popularity of alcoves in restaurants. The instinct for privacy is a hangover from the days when a caveman took his bone behind a tree to gnaw.

I suppose it is conservative of me, but, if marine life is to accompany dining, I would rather have goldfish.

* * *

THERE are parts of Australia, I understand, where the sun still shines for a whole day at a time.

To a Sydneysider this is an enviable state of affairs.

When you live in a flat close to the centre of the city you do not, of course, endure the true hardships engendered by a month of rain.

Some friends of mine have gone to Melbourne for a spell because, they say, they have been driven out of their house by snails.

This is the kind of story I prefer to accept rather than check.

After weeks of damp discomfort one grows tired of anecdotes about mildewed clothing and blue-mouldy shoes.

Snails make a nice change.

* * *

IN the mail this week, some letters from readers disapproving of my new picture:

The gentlest was from a woman who is thought by her family to resemble me. "The new picture doesn't flatter me as much as the old one," she said.

The fiercest came from a man who remarked that he would return to reading the page when his wife informed him that the picture was changed. He began his letter, "Dear Madam. You are not a film star . . ."

If one allows one's face in print one must expect the truth sometimes, mustn't one?

All the same, I now sympathise with the American senator who was asked for pictures of himself and other senators by a schoolgirl.

"I collect them instead of film stars," she wrote, "but please pick carefully. Even the best ones are sort of funny-looking."

A NEW thought on man's current problems comes from Osbert Sitwell in his book "The Four Continents."

You could sum up his theory as the hope that concentration on space travel could possibly divert man from blowing himself to bits with hydrogen bombs.

"This growing interest of the young in space travel is in itself excellent," he writes, "because as soon as the first individual succeeds in being lost in the extra-terrestrial waste the efficiency of every country in the entire globe will be turned within a comparatively short time towards enabling its own nationals to follow his example, and governments thus will be diverted from preparing for war."

He continues by predicting that the whole of the "pugnacious and competitive spirit of mankind" would then be involved in the struggle for lunar power.

"The centre of interest would be shifted for ever," he goes on. "The most ambitious, the vainest, the most discontented, the bravest and the stupidest would colonise the moon. The effort would keep the busiest and therefore the most mischievous . . . busy for a long while."

Well, it's a theory, anyway, and the first likely suggestion I've seen for a way out of the impasse created by the new weapons of destruction.

* * *

POSTAL authorities of America are trying out a new stamp machine which gives change and thanks the customer.

The machine incorporates a tape-recorder which says, "Thank you for buying stamps."

It is hard to see any virtue in such mechanical courtesy.

A much better idea—and one that may be developed in time—would be a talking pillar-box. This could cry out at intervals, loudly enough to shock the absent-minded, "Have you posted that letter yet?"

* * *

FOLLOWING research in South India, scientist C.T.N. Singh says that plants have an ear for music. He claims sweet potatoes and other plants grow faster when soothing music is played near them.

Concertos for the cabbages
And pop songs for the peas,
Sonatas for the celery
Will make them grow like trees.
A little Bach for broccoli
And Beethoven for beans;
There's nothing like an orchestra
To liven up the greens.
Thus, happy horticulturists
Their plants with ears endow,
Their hobby is, in consequence,
Spelt haughty-culture now.

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"MES ENFANTS!" cries M. Gorin to his charges as he gathers them at breakfast on the verandah of their hotel in Sydney. They are, from left, Anick, Karen, Patricia, Martine, Rolande, Marie Claire, Monique, Huguette, Dodou, and Marie Josephe.

Ban on bikinis for the French mannequins

Mention "bikini" to any of the 10 visiting French mannequins and you mention trouble. Normally French girls wear bikinis, but not the mannequins.

By CLYDE PACKER

UNDER their contract they are forbidden to appear in public in Australia in anything as demoralising as a bikini.

However, the girls (as the picture on this page shows) were gracious about posing for staff photographer Ron Berg in what they called "peignoirs."

They were not wearing anything like peignoirs when they arrived, of course.

In fact, they looked as quiet and demure as a Russian Trade Delegation when they stepped off the plane at Mascot airport in pouring rain.

They seemed so cool and smart in their heavy woollen suits you would have thought they had spent half the afternoon grooming themselves in their boudoirs instead of trying to sleep on a plane.

One of them made a frantic dive, breaking the formation that was picking its way between puddles to Customs.

Helter-skelter she rushed to a relative who was waving an improbable pink handkerchief from behind the barrier.

Whether their visit is a success or not, I know two people who will remember them. One is me and the other is the poor harassed Customs official who had to unravel their pile of luggage into 13 separate heaps.

For 15 minutes pandemonium reigned in Her Majesty's Customs office.

From out of nowhere hordes of little Frenchmen appeared, brushing aside Customs officers with an ease that comes from long practice.

These gentlemen, it seemed, were French trade officials, or else they had some part to play in the French Exhibition.

All, it seemed, needed to have individual communication with each of the girls. Eventually the Customs officer swept all their luggage into a communal pile and passed it carte blanche, without opening one piece.

Meanwhile, about them fussed M. Daniel Gorin, delegate - general of the Chambre Syndicale de la Couture Parisienne, whose task it is to organise the parades they will hold in Sydney and Melbourne retail stores.

M. Gorin is a little man, not young, with a walking-stick. His appearance belies his record.

In his lapel is the ribbon of the Legion d'Honneur and on the walls of his home in Paris photographs remind him of the time when he was one of the fastest Rugby scrum-halfs in France.

By this time I had given up all hope of getting an interview from any of the girls, but I decided to go with them to a reception held in their honor at Point Piper just to see what happened.

A French car firm provided three cars with French chauffeurs to drive them to the reception—but none of the French chauffeurs knew the way, so we formed up funeral-fashion, with my car as the hearse.

At the reception I asked Marie Josephe Defaux how many of the girls had romantic attachments in France.

Marie, who is a tall, sophisticated blonde of 30, replied that "five are attached — or were."

At this stage one of the guests at the reception borrowed my pencil and notebook to write down a girl's address, so the next question I asked Marie was not recorded.

And Australian men in general?

"Australienne men zey are nice, it is evident," she said with a Gallic shrug of her heavily padded shoulders.

Marie Claire Nivoix is a quiet but striking bruenette who wore a jaunty little beret and who spent her time on the plane weaving tapestry and drinking milk.

Marie told me she had no intention of getting herself an Australian boy-friend. "But if ze right one 'appens along, then, alors, 'e is lucky," she added.

From the two Maries I managed to thread my way across the room to where two strikingly attractive blond girls were sitting.

They were Karen Hellstrom and Martine Bocheux.

Martine, who is 18, is the youngest in the party, and Karen does not look much older.

As neither of these beautiful young ladies spoke any English at all, it was not possible to ask them my stock questions.

However, to give an example of their sparkle and stamina, both of them danced into the early hours of the morning at a Sydney nightclub after two sleepless nights on the plane, while the other eight retired to bed at 10.30 p.m.

No man can deny that French girls have something that other girls lack.

It is very hard to pin down what this is.

Perhaps it's not what they have, but what they get away with in the way of make-up and exotic clothes.

Frenchmen always say that they prefer mature women.

After meeting these girls, whose ages range from 18 to 30, it is impossible not to be impressed by the older ones.

They have an eclat, a poise, and an assurance that lift them streets above their younger colleagues, who are often more beautiful.

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Petite Rarebits

Martin leaned wearily against the patio railing and gazed inside at the crowded room.

Expert hands began to wander over the piano keys and the buzz of conversation quietened momentarily as the liquid sounds resolved themselves into a Chopin nocturne. Then determinedly it was ignored, the voices pitched themselves higher and the frenzied conversational battle went on.

Martin sighed and looked at his watch. At least another hour before he could make a decent withdrawal. He closed his eyes, propped himself more comfortably against the railing and let his mind drift away into the problem of the new engine.

"Sleeping?" He opened his eyes and discovered an angel, small and slender, exquisitely dressed in soft grey. Her serene eyes held his and for a moment he had the distinct impression that he had floated six feet up into the air.

"Sorry to disturb you," she said, "but I've been watching and you haven't eaten a thing. Here, I brought these out for you." She looked down at the platter in her hands. "They'll melt in your mouth."

Martin looked and winced. His nose told him it was cheese.

"No, thank you," he said faintly. "Not a bit hungry, you know."

"But you don't know what you're missing," she said. "Mrs. James is famous for her cooking! These are her masterpieces—Petite Rarebits!"

"I know," he said dryly. "I've heard all about the famous Mrs. James and her famous parties and her famous food, but as far as I'm concerned ——" He stopped, and put a hand to his chest.

She looked at him shrewdly.

"Hmm. You've got indigestion."

He nodded resignedly and prodded his chest again.

"Ah," she said. "Hold this. I'll be back."

"Hey," called Martin, "just a —— oh, blast!" He looked down at the platter and shuddered. The tantalising aroma made his mouth water.

There was a swirl of grey and she was beside him again.

"Here," she said, breathlessly, "take two of these. They're Quick-Eze. Wonderful for indigestion—I know! Nobody will notice you—just pop a couple into your mouth and let them dissolve. Go on—take them!"

She thrust a small orange and blue roll pack at him and he broke the gold foil and flipped two round white discs into his hand. He slipped them into his mouth and looked at her doubtfully.

"You just wait and see," she said. "Quick-Eze is marvellous—that indigestion will be gone in no time, believe me. Keep the packet. I'll be back soon!" With a wonderful smile she was gone, back into the chattering, smoke-filled birdcage.

* * *

". . . . and so," she said, sipping her coffee, "that's why I'm never without them."

"Well," said Martin, "they certainly fixed my indigestion. Quick-Eze, eh! And you can get 'em anywhere?"

"Yes," she said. "Milk bars, kiosks, cafes — anywhere. Seven pence a packet."

"Good." Martin grasped the rail firmly and took a deep breath. "May I take you to lunch to-morrow?"

She looked at him under her lashes and he floated up into the air again.

"I don't even know your name."

"Oh—Martin Johnson, madame!" He gave a grave little bow.

She smiled and dropped him a mock curtsey. "Felicity James," she said.

"James! Not Mrs. James?" Martin suddenly wasn't airborne any more.

"Yes, kind sir. Your hostess."

Martin gulped. "I say, I'm terribly sorry—I mean, I *was* rather rude about your cooking, but if I had known . . . it *is* wonderful cooking, you know—"

She sighed and looked at him languorously. "So you're only interested in my cooking?"

"No, no," cried Martin. "But . . . ah . . . *Mister* James?"

She gave him a level gaze. "That all finished two and a half years ago," she said.

"Then," said Martin, soaring upwards again, "lunch to-morrow?"

"Delighted," she smiled, "and don't forget your Quick-Eze."

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AT CHRISTENING OF YACHT. Mr. and Mrs. Glen Carr (left), Mr. Jock Pagan, and Mr. Carr's mother, Mrs. F. G. Carr, were among guests at the Royal Sydney Yacht Squadron, Kirribilli, when Lady Slim christened Kirribilli, a 5.5-metre Olympic yacht which was built at the squadron.

SISTERS-IN-LAW Mrs. Hunter Hordern (left) and Mrs. Ross Hordern at the opening of "Les Trois Hirondelles" fashion parade at Mark Foy's Empress Ballroom. Parades will continue till March 14.

ARRIVING at Mark Foy's Empress Ballroom for the opening of "Les Trois Hirondelles" fashion parade are Mr. John Bovill and his wife, who wore brocade.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

SEPTEMBER can't come quickly enough for Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Coppleson, of Rose Bay. Their daughter, Fay (Mrs. Alex Knecht), will arrive in Sydney by air on September 5 from her home in Zurich, Switzerland.

Alex will follow a few weeks later, and Mrs. Coppleson tells me there'll be more travelling in store for her son-in-law and daughter while they are here . . . the whole family is planning a visit down south to Melbourne in November for the Olympic Games.

Fay and Alex expect to be in Australia for about five months.

THERE will be three attendants—Mrs. Graeme Elliott, Sue Triggs, and Jan Burt—at the marriage of Janet Beveridge and Peter Wilkinson, which will take place at St. Philip's, Church Hill, on May 3. Janet is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Beveridge, of "Billabong North," Gundagai, and Peter is son of Mrs. Wilkinson, of Wollstonecraft, and late Mr. T. Wilkinson.

WED IN MELBOURNE. Dr. and Mrs. Tim Furber leave the South Yarra Presbyterian Church. The bride was Judy Holden, of "Laughing Water," Eltham, Victoria, and Tim is the son of Dr. and Mrs. T. M. Furber, of Point Piper.

ENGAGED. Rosalind Cameron, daughter of Colonel D. A. Cameron, of Ross, and Mrs. Z. Cameron, of Berriedale, Tasmania, to Rod O'Connor, son of Mrs. O'Connor, of "Connorville," Cressy, Tasmania, and the late Mr. Roy O'Connor.

IN a letter from London to her family in Collaroy, Judy Berckelman tells of a recent weekend visit to Wiltshire, where she stayed in "a cottage with a thatched roof and a spook." Judy, who shares a tiny flat with another Sydney lass, Helen Burt, has just returned from a ski-ing trip to Austria, and as soon as the cold weather breaks the two girls will set off for Venice. Helen and Judy have been abroad for five months and plan to return to Australia late in June.

• • •

IT was a son for Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Scamps, of Turramurra, and he will be named Marc Arnott. Marc has two brothers—Roger and Philippe—and two sisters, Antoinette and Michele. Mrs. Scamps was formerly Dorothy Arnott, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Arnott, of Wahroonga.

• • •

A BUSY time is ahead for recently married Pat and Richard Sherwood, who are just settling into their new property, "Brooklyn," Limbri, via Tamworth. Pat is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Reed, of Vaucluse, and Richard is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Sherwood, of Pwellhi, Wales.

JUST back in London after a wonderful holiday in Hochsolden, Austria, Audrey Wilkins is now packing ready for her trip home in Iberia, and will arrive in Sydney in April. Audrey's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Percy Wilkins, of Rose Bay, are already on the high seas, voyaging home on board Orion. The Wilkins family have been overseas for eighteen months.

• • •

DATES for your diary . . . March 22, for the gala preview of Richard III at the Embassy Theatre. Proceeds will aid the Totally and Permanently Disabled Soldiers' Association . . . March 23, for the Peter Pan Easter Ball at Prince's, in aid of various children's charities . . . March 27, for the Ascham Old Girls' Union ball, which will be held at Mark Foy's Empress Ballroom.

Anne

AMONG GUESTS at "Les Trois Hirondelles" fashion parade at Mark Foy's were Mr. and Mrs. John Kelly, of Bellevue Hill. Reflection in the mirror shows the intricate ruching at the back of Mrs. Kelly's white, pure silk taffeta gown.

COUNTRY INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. Tony Pope leave St. Saviour's Cathedral, Goulburn, after their wedding. The bride was Sue Teakle, daughter of Mrs. Christa Teakle, of "Holmby," Lake Bathurst, and the late Mr. Charles Teakle.

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MUSICAL FANTASY OF OLD B

★ Glitter and rich color are lavished on Hollywood's production of "Kismet," an Arabian Nights fantasy with the haunting music of Borodin. Howard Keel, Ann Blyth, Vic Damone, and Dolores Gray head the top-flight cast.

BEARDED Howard Keel in a vivid musical characterisation of Hajj, the beggar-poet of Bagdad, who enjoys a run of comic as well as dramatic adventures as the play unfolds. Keel carries several solos from the score.

NEWCOMER Dolores Gray romps through the role of Lalume, the Waxir's wife in cahoots with the bold Hajj. A lively comedienne and Broadway singer, Dolores gives a tongue-in-cheek performance for Metro.

★

RIGHT: Ann Blyth as Marsinah, pretty daughter of the dashing poet who is mistaken for a beggar (Howard Keel). Marsinah's troubled romance with the Caliph (Vic Damone) has a happy ending. That is Kismet.

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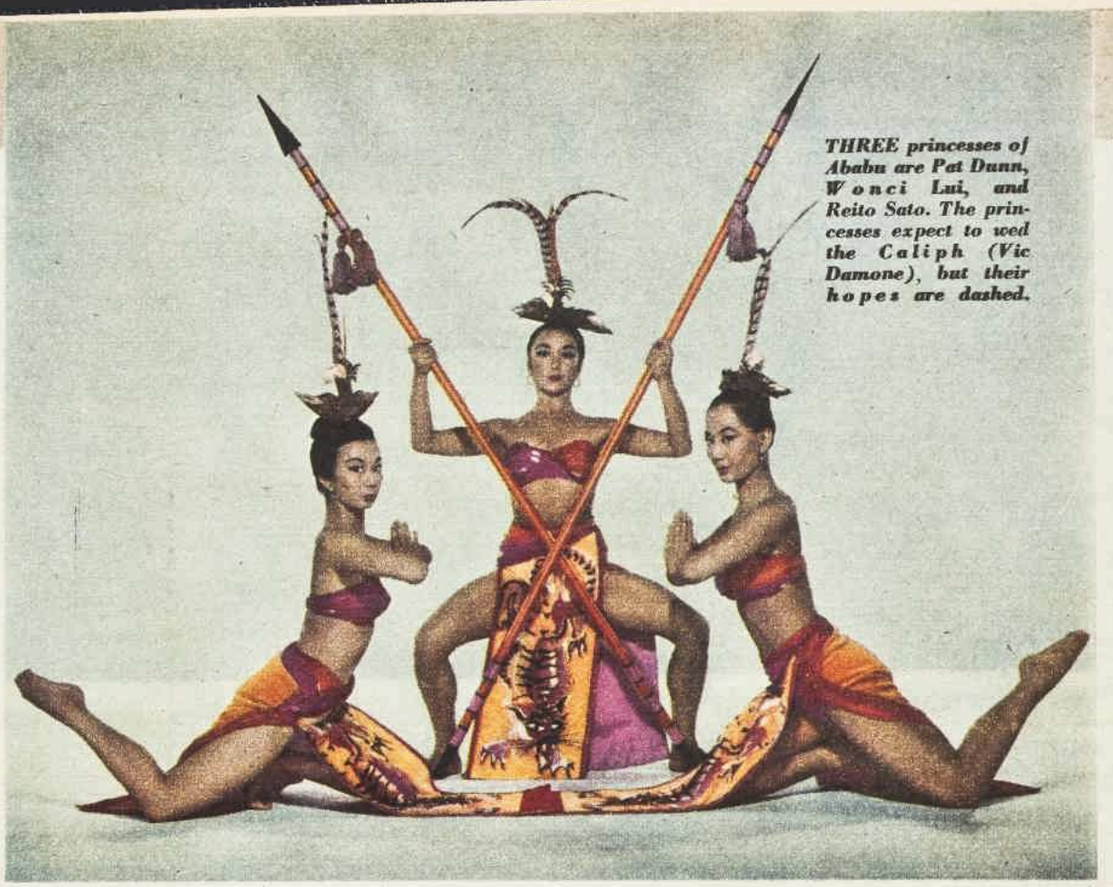
GDAD



THREE princesses of Ababu are Pat Dunn, Wonci Lui, and Reito Sato. The princesses expect to wed the Caliph (Vic Damone), but their hopes are dashed.

GLAMOR GOWNS in Arabian Nights style (above and at right) are worn by Dolores Gray. Lavish costumes and sets of the Orient mark Hollywood's production of "Kismet." A play from the past, "Kismet" became a Broadway hit and ran for more than 580 performances during a 17-month season.

● More film news pages 42 and 43

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[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard
For week beginning MAR. 12

Your Sign	Your Luck	Your Job	Your Home	Your Heart	Socially
ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Your luck is in wise planning.	★ Money and plans for activities which require an outlay are likely to be emphasised this week. Should unforeseen complications arise, keep your head.	★ If a parent, lay down fast-and-set rules for children. If emotional storms are given free play, everybody will suffer. A visitor with a tale of woe could be trying.	★ You're riding high, sure of your charm and the appreciation of people around you, but you could stub your toe and your self-esteem by taking a dictatorial attitude.	★ Social progress, expression of goodwill, invitations or pleasant news buoy you up, but there are no short-cuts to your hopes and wishes. Earn them through effort.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, silver. Gambling colors, royal-blue, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Your luck lies in co-operation.	★ New doors open in personal or business projects, with opportunities for the boy-friend or marriage partner. Accept offers which promise interesting work.	★ Good for personal interests such as adding to your wardrobe, finding new uses for old possessions, or improvising ways and means to handle a domestic problem.	★ You'll receive more love by being willing to go along with the plans of the one you love than by faultfinding, particularly when circumstances are to blame.	★ Get-togethers, conferences, luncheons may hold the key to what you have in mind. Be out front to see and be seen, collect information, and bolster your standing.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck through those in authority.	★ Use persuasive, even daring, means to obtain credit, backing, increased assets, a legal agreement, or greater authority on the job. Keep your eyes open.	★ A sudden telephone call, letter, message, or visitor could brighten the whole week with a procession of enjoyable events. Sacrifice home efficiency if necessary.	★ Back up the person you love most. Give him, or her, all the moral support needed to supply boldness and confidence in social or business situations.	★ Set your social programme to a slow beginning, a fast pick-up, and a successful climax. Use knowledge, imagination to give pleasure to others.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, dark blue. Gambling colors, dark blue, white. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck lies in a form to fill in.	★ Move decisively to settle issues connected with your job, your finances, and the practical side of life, for after this week changes will be less favorable.	★ Plan home affairs. Decide on menus for several days in advance. This will give greater variety and leave you more leisure for self-improvement or hobbies.	★ Love is a delicate thing and grows by what it feeds on. If a teenager, and you outshine the one you love in any way, don't gloat. Romance for older subjects.	★ The emphasis falls on travel, advertising, or publicity. You should be the engineer behind the scenes, helping to get things done without fuss and feathers.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, purple, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in recognition of hard work.	★ People associated with you in your work may be in low spirits, suspicious and imagining things, or merely worried. Avoid any showdown. Use tact.	★ Extensive changes, domestic reorganisation are certain to involve arguments on financing. Thrash things out with members of the household before proceeding.	★ Hold on to happiness. The lid could fly off this week over questions of money. If a girl, instead of paying your own way on a date, invite him next time.	★ Use sympathy, tact, and patience in case of a set-to between friends, a mechanical breakdown, disturbing news. Don't feel piqued if arrangements are cancelled.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. There's luck in being one of a team.	★ Good news in a business affair, either to you or the marriage partner, permit a healthy optimism. Answers, interviews, appointments under good aspects.	★ Plan a little treat or surprise for the family. A small gift, an unusual dinner, a piece of work which needed doing. This will grease the home machinery.	★ That wedding date may be near at hand or far away, but it is always in your thoughts. For some of you this week will see quick decisions, hasty marriages.	★ A wonderful week which can be marred only by a division of loyalty, interests, or duty, which could pull you in two directions with equal force.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, brown and gold. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Your luck lies in an interview.	★ Unexpected demands, visitors, upset schedules may throw you temporarily off beam and could lead to minor accidents, breakages, or spoilage of materials.	★ Things are apt to be mislaid, causing much inconvenience, or messages may be garbled with consequent waste of energy. Check to be sure that all is correct.	★ Intuition is the gift of true love. You may sense what the one-and-only is thinking and the tie between you will be strengthened. He may have an illness.	★ A run-of-the-mill sort of week, but take nothing for granted. Be explicit, careful to prevent misunderstandings in regard to time or place of meeting.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red and yellow. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Fortune will bring you luck.	★ Work and fun still go together just now. The chance to take a big step forward should not be ignored. Friendly contacts and creative work bring success.	★ Sociability centres on you personally and through casual hospitality you may be put on the track of a remarkable enterprise which may absorb you.	★ How your sign can love! Some of you are facing the greatest personal relationship of your life, to influence your destiny for better of worse. Avoid jealousy.	★ A theatre-party is likely to be the highlight of social affairs in your crowd. You may be invited behind the scenes or meet important people.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, blue. Gambling colors, blue and violet. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck through an older person.	★ Routine may require all your time and attention or extra services may be called for. Relax and refuse to allow self-pity to take charge.	★ Those gorgeous early-morning hours are invaluable to the housekeeper. Routine work will go twice as fast, the mind is alert to fresh possibilities.	★ No love affair can stay at fever heat forever. Don't resent the fact that you scrap sentimentality in favor of the practical side of your partnership.	★ Personal or private interests offer you more satisfaction than an excess of social activity can supply. Arguments started out of boredom can be exhausting.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green and white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck lies in inside information.	★ Follow through on business or financial arrangements and clinch any deal hanging fire. Once a decision has been arrived at, carry it out at once.	★ You are in danger of going round in circles, up blind alleys, getting nowhere fast. Don't put off until tomorrow what is better cleared from the calendar today.	★ Some lovers are talkative, others may be rather inarticulate. If the one you love is not given to passionate speeches, remember he's no movie-actor.	★ Grasp lucky breaks, don't hesitate to utilise the influence of friends to enter a charmed circle. Be ready to take part in deliberations.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, navy-blue. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Your luck lies in a store.	★ Not being able to afford or find what you want, obstacles incline towards edginess. But necessity and dynamic purpose can set your imagination to work.	★ As the home purchasing agent you have a real responsibility. There is an art in shopping to obtain quality at the lowest price. Learn more about things you buy.	★ Don't expect your beloved to embark upon reckless schemes to turn the world upside down. Commonsense ought to show you your own little world perfected first.	★ If called upon to take a firm stand on a practical matter, put it as pleasantly as you can without sacrificing principles. There are some in agreement with you.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white and silver. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in influencing others.	★ Practical accomplishments are likely to be topped off with unusual gaiety. Spread enthusiasm and cheer, particularly if a voluntary worker.	★ You have big ideas over a wide range, but you are apt to be up in the air about practical decisions. Propose some of your schemes to friends and consider their reaction.	★ Your time for love is now. Whether a stranger or the boy next door, you are bound to fasten your affection on a magnetic personality, building a romantic halo.	★ This week you hold the centre of the stage. Whether you make a hit or not will depend on details often overlooked. Study your deportment, clothes, and voice.

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It is by persistent, careful attention to finer points that the supremely excellent distinguishes itself from that which is just very good. **BENSON** *and* **HEDGES** cigarettes are made from the finest of fine tobaccos to be worthy of every occasion...

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Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1956

In the next four pages, you will see the winning fashions in the Australian Wool Fashion Awards, 1956*. This nation-wide contest, inaugurated by the Australian Wool Bureau last year, is held annually to bring forward all that is best in Australian-made Wool fashions.

The winning garments have been chosen by a panel of expert judges for the highest standards of styling and fashion-rightness, workmanship and finish, and finest wool fabrics. They will serve as your guide to top fashions in the coming seasons. Each one is part of a manufacturer's regular range and demonstrates that there is no substitute for Wool as the very foundation of fashion, for Wool lends itself to meticulous tailoring, drapes with elegant ease, holds its shape perfectly, and keeps colours beautiful, and the Australian Wool Fashion Awards have again shown that Wool is fashion-right for every occasion.

Watch for the Australian Wool Fashion Award Tag!

Every winning manufacturer in the Australian Wool Fashion Awards has the right to attach a special tag to reproductions of his Award garment. Watch for it when you're shopping — it is your guarantee of all that is finest in Wool Fashions this year!

* *The winning garments in the knitwear section of the Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards will be shown in the March 28 issue of this magazine.*

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Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1956

The House of Leroy, Melbourne, won the 1956 Supreme Wool Fashion Award for this fashion-right suit in Isle of Bute walnut tweed, entered in the section for suits retailing at over £20, featuring a fingertip length, sheath-line jacket. The unusual pockets are cut in one with the side panels. Worn over a jersey middy blouse with magyar sleeves and a knife-slim skirt.

Hartnell of Melbourne took first place for this striking day-dress in Crepe Mornay, a pure wool Darlington fabric. It is styled as an elongated sheath, horizontally tucked from tunic midriff to knees, with a knife-pleated finish to the underskirt, and won the section for day-dresses over £15.

Shetland Mills Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, took the 1956 award in the section for day-dresses under £15, with this flattering dress of "Wild Rice" wool jersey. Permanently pleated from shoulder to hemline — it illustrates the newest fashion in button-through dresses.

"There is no substitute for wool"

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Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1956

City Costume Co., Melbourne, won the award in the section for skirts under £7, with this slim style in wool barathea, featuring slanted tucks as new fashion interest.

Lana Styles Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, won equal first place in the skirt section over £7, with this fashion-right skirt of mosaic walnut and charcoal wool. Its narrow line is released at the knees by inverted pleats.

Sportscraft of Melbourne were awarded equal first place for skirts over £7. Featuring groups of triple knife pleats and a trim, belted waist, this winner is in exclusive Federal Mills wool worsted with shadow checks in a smart combination of charcoal and claret.

Patross Knitting Mills Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, took an award for this glamorous evening jacket of fine black wool jersey, with a deep, plunging neckline and buckled waistband. The collar and cuffs are heavily embroidered with white and gold braid and sequins.

Charlotte 5th Avenue Gowns Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, won an award for this 5 o'clock dress in beautiful wool jersey. This lovely fabric is seen to its best advantage in the moulded torso line and the flowing, graceful skirt.

Charlotte 5th Avenue Gowns Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, styled this superb award-winning evening gown. Here, fine white wool jersey is again used for its beautiful draping qualities with dramatic effect. Diamente strips add sparkling evening glamour.

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Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1956

C. A. Blewett, Melbourne, styled this black and white checked tweed topcoat, "Townleigh", which won the section for topcoats under £12. Cut on simple, basic lines, it relies on dramatic fabric for striking effect, and has dolman sleeves and smart flap pockets.

The House of Leroy, Melbourne, styled this award-winning suit in the section for suits under £20. It is fashioned from beige and white "Snowflake" classweave worsted tweed — with a snappy matchbox jacket, showing the new double breasted line, and a slim skirt.

The House of Leroy, Melbourne, was awarded first place for this elegant ensemble, retailing at over £20. In Eagley tweed wool boucle, the jacket is fingertip length, showing the new plumb line. The versatile dress has a scoop neckline, brief sleeves and the latest trouser pleats in the reed-slim skirt.

C. A. Blewett, Melbourne, took top place in the section for topcoats over £12 and under £20, with this "Cabella" coat in creamy beige brushed wool, buttoned-through from the high, collarless neckline, and taking fashion interest from the four unusual flap pockets.

Maurice C. Dowd Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, took the fashion award for slacks and shorts with these tapered slacks in deep charcoal green melange by Centenary.

Shetland Mills Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, won the Sportswear Award for this dramatic long-line sweater of black wool, with a hooded yoke of black, pumpkin and white stripes.

Sportscraft, Melbourne, were winners in the co-ordinates section of the 1956 Wool Fashion Awards with this overblouse dress in heather mixture fine tweed by Albion Mills. The skirt is knife pleated — the middy jacket features magyar sleeves, tab pockets and a semi-sailor roll collar.

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Australian Wool Bureau Fashion Awards 1956

Shetland Mills Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, won the section for youthful dresses, £9 and under. Grey and white midweight wool jersey fashions this tube dress with a 2" contrast belt and wide, stand-up collar.

John J. Hilton Pty. Ltd., Sydney, won the section for knitted jersey dresses, £10 and under. A new fashion fabric of black wool jersey, overlaid with tinsel thread, lends itself to the elegant empire line.

Ecstasy Creations, Melbourne, won the award for knitted jersey dresses, £10 and over. In charcoal ribbed wool jersey, it's an ideal basic style for smart accessory additions.

E. Lucas & Co. Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, took first place for this matron's dress in "Valere" wool frocking from Tissus Michels. In a flattering style for the larger figure, it is exquisitely trimmed with pleated silk and braid.

A.S.A. Manufacturers, Melbourne, styled this winning matron's coat of "Crew Cut" — a dark grey poodle cloth by Centenary. It buttons high on the inset yoke and has smart, comfortable sleeves.

Millersons Pty. Ltd., Sydney, took the 1956 award for a matron's ensemble, in beige flecked wool tweed. The jacket hangs straight and has bracelet-length sleeves. The dress is beltless, with tab fastenings.

M. Block Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, were awarded first place in the matron's suit section for this style for the not-so-slender in dark grey wool barathea. It features a smart weskit attached to the jacket.

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WALLPAPER IS KEY TO ELEGANT DECOR

SPACIOUS LOUNGE in the Melbourne home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Holt has its walls covered with Japanese grass paper in greyish-brown with a gold fleck. Japanese papers have recently been introduced to Australia.

FEMININE decor (left) has been used in Mrs. Holt's bedroom. This view shows the built-in, mirrored dressing-table, with bedroom beyond.

FOLDING SCREENS covered with grass papers are used instead of blinds for the picture windows in the well-proportioned lounge-room.

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EXTERIOR VIEW of the back of Mr. and Mrs. Holt's home overlooking a terraced garden and the Yarra River at Toorak, Vic.

PEACOCK-BLUE SILK PAPER from Japan is used with magnificent effect on the walls of this small utility room where Mrs. Holt likes to do her flower arrangements. Doors, blinds, and window trims are dark brown and the floor has a zebra-skin mat.

Silk or grass adorns walls of this home

Japanese wallpapers have been used extensively in the elegant decor of the recently redecorated and remodelled Toorak (Victoria) home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Holt.

MR. HOLT is the Minister for Labor and National Service and Minister for Immigration.

New to Australia, Japanese wallpapers, because of their unusual and interesting decorating possibilities, are a current fashion in America.

Mrs. Holt, noted for her artistic flair, is one of the first in Australia to use them in her home.

Beautiful in textures and colorings, the Japanese papers provide a wonderful background for her antique furnishings, black-and-gold Buhl cabinets, Victorian and Chinese pieces, Venetian mirrors, French chandeliers and candelabra, Nubian statues and old silver.

Also, interestingly enough, they are a perfect foil for a number of contemporary paintings by Australian artists.

Some of the wallpapers are made with woven grass and hemp, backed with paper to give coarse modern textures. Others are made with silk, such as shantung, to give smoother, finer finishes.

Except for the glisten of grass, the grain of hemp, or the sheen of silk, the papers are usually plain, though a few are patterned with floral designs.

The Japanese have been making wallpapers for centuries, but those exported today are made under the supervision of American experts, who ensure that the grasses are gathered in the right season.

In the Holt home, restful elegance is the theme for the formal rooms.

In the spacious lounge, with its big landscape windows overlooking the terraced garden and the Yarra River, grass wallpaper was used. It is a greyish-brown with a gold fleck coming from the natural sheen of the grass.

Plain carpeting in a matching shade covers the floor. Highlights are introduced with gold cornices and surrounds to bookshelves and soft gold velvet on settee and chairs.

In the dining-room, the wallpaper is pale olive and teams with deep olive ceiling and gilt trims.

WALLPAPER NOTIONS

AN interesting and economical way to use Japanese papers is on one wall as a room feature. The other walls can be painted to harmonise or contrast.

In America decorators are using them widely to supply these elegant effects in a room. They team the papers, which are 36 inches wide and 10 yards to a roll, with soft furnishings made of washable fabrics like linen.

South Yarra decorator Mrs. Bee Taplin, who was the first interior decorator to use Japanese papers in Victoria, has taken this American idea a step further. She has designed special screen prints for both curtains and soft furnishings to be used with them.

In collaboration with the Australian distributors of the papers (Falkiner Fabrics, Melbourne), she will display both prints and wallpapers at a special show at her new decorating centre, "Color Cottage," 11 Murphy St., South Yarra. The show will open on March 12.

PALE OLIVE Japanese wallpaper combined with a deep olive ceiling and gilt door and window trims decorate the dining-room. Folding screens, also paper-covered, are used instead of blinds. Chairs have green covers and the birdcage is Chinese.

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Sportscraft's

Over-blouse dress!

A byword in 1956 fashion vocabularies — a long, easy top that curves the waist but does not clinch it, meeting its match in an all-round box-pleated skirt with hidden "Lightning" zipper closure.

Interpreted in a fine ALBION Tweed—this SPORTSCRAFT classic won a FIRST AWARD in the AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU 1956 CONTEST.

A CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD'S BEST TAILORING

10 GNS.

by Sportscraft OF MELBOURNE

AWARD WINNERS IN THE AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU 1956 CONTEST!

Quick, sure relief from

HÆMORRHOIDS

Enjoy quick, lasting relief from pain and discomfort of Haemorrhoids (Piles). Trouble-causing locally distended veins quickly respond to treatment. ManZan promptly eases pain, soothes irritation and tones up swollen congested parts. Get ManZan now for lasting relief.

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With special nozzle applicator 4/- a tube at Chemists everywhere.

HAVE YOU Chicken Feather Legs?

SILKYNIT keeps legs hair-less . . . and smooth. SILKYNIT—1/3 each or in the new Triple-Pack, 3 for 3/-, everywhere.

Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Second Greatest Sex

UNIVERSAL'S new-look musical, "The Second Greatest Sex," with a setting of the old West and a classical theme, is too much like the Oscar-winning "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" for its own good.

Striving for the same swing and style and zest, the new film achieves, instead, a coy and folksy appeal.

The Greeks had a different name for the story of Lysistrata, the character who inspires the women of early Kansas to stage a love strike in order to put a stop to the absurd feuding between their own menfolk and those of neighboring townships.

For film purposes a couple of slight love stories and moments of homespun humor have been woven into this basic situation.

Jeanne Crain, looking pretty as a picture but too glossy for a real pioneer gal, and newly popular George Nader share the main romance. Blond Mamie Van Doren, similarly glamorised, and Keith Andes are the subsidiary couple.

But it's the dancing—an exhilarating blending of square dance technique and athletic skill, performed to lively music—that carries the whole show along in a swirl of colorful CinemaScope movement.

Dancer Tommy Rall excels in solo and production numbers.

In Sydney—Capitol.

News from studios

DONNA REED and Cornel Wilde, filming on location in Kenya in Columbia's "Beyond Mombasa," have been struck down by a mysterious "bug" and are in bed with fever—in spite of inoculations, tablets, and exceptional location hygiene precautions. Now Leo Genn and Ron Randell, also with the unit, are waiting their turn. Says Randell philosophically, "After all, this is East Africa. Guess the bug is just biding his time with me."

CITY FILM GUIDE

Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "The Second Greatest Sex," color CinemaScope musical comedy, starring Jeanne Crain, George Nader. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Cult of the Cobra," mystery, starring Faith Domergue, Richard Long.

CENTURY.—★★ "East of Eden," color CinemaScope period melodrama, starring James Dean, Julie Harris, Raymond Massey. Plus featurettes.

EMBASSY.—★★ "The Man Who Loved Redheads," color comedy, starring Moira Shearer, John Justin, Roland Culver. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★★ "Marty," comedy-drama, starring Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—"Camille," romantic drama, starring Greta Garbo, Robert Taylor. (Re-release, review unavailable.) Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★ "Lucy Gallant," color VistaVision romantic drama, starring Jane Wyman, Charlton Heston. Plus ★ "The Fleet's In," musical comedy, starring William Holden, Dorothy Lamour, Eddie Bracken. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★★★ "The Seven Year Itch," deLuxe color CinemaScope comedy, starring Tom Ewell, Marilyn Monroe. Plus featurettes.

PLAZA.—★ "House of Bamboo," color CinemaScope crime drama, starring Robert Stack, Robert Ryan, Shirley Yamaguchi. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "To Catch a Thief," color VistaVision romantic thriller, starring Grace Kelly, Cary Grant. Plus featurettes.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "Forever Darling," Eastmancolor comedy, starring Lucille Ball, Desi Arnaz, James Mason. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "The Benny Goodman Story," musical biography in color, starring Steve Allen, Donna Reed. Plus ★ "Red Sundown," technicolor outdoor adventure, starring Rory Calhoun, Martha Heyer, Dean Jagger.

Not yet reviewed

LYCEUM.—"The Private War of Major Benson," color comedy, starring Julie Adams, Charlton Heston. Plus featurettes.

PALACE.—"Trouble in The Glen," Trucolor comedy-drama, starring Margaret Lockwood, Orson Welles, John McCallum. Plus "Caged Fury," circus drama, starring Richard Denning, Sheila Ryan. (Re-release, review unavailable.)

PALLADIUM.—"Royal African Rifles," Cinecolor World War I adventure, starring Louis Hayward, Veronica Hurst, Michael Pate. Plus "Wildcat," action drama, starring Arline Judge, Richard Arlen. (Re-release, review unavailable.)

PARIS.—"The Vanishing Prairie," Walt Disney technicolor True-life adventure. Plus "Siam," technicolor feature.

REGENT.—"The Lieutenant Wore Skirts," color CinemaScope comedy, starring Tom Ewell, Sheree North. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—"The Blue Continent," underwater documentary in color. Plus "La Spiaggia" ("The Beach"), Italian drama in color with English sub-titles, starring Martine Carol, Raf Vallone.

VICTORY.—"The Kettles in The Ozarks," comedy, starring Marjorie Main, Arthur Hunnicutt. Plus "One Desire," color period drama, starring Anne Baxter, Rock Hudson.

CONGRATULATIONS

Sportscraft

AUSTRALIAN WOOL BUREAU

FASHION AWARD WINNER 1956

Sportscraft, like all quality manufacturers, feature reliable 'LIGHTNING' zippers in all their classic tailoring.

'LIGHTNING' zippers are rustless, flexible and guaranteed to give that vital invisible line of distinction to fashion clothes.

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IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED

Here's the BACKACHE

Where's the SLOAN'S

The persistent dull ache of a strained back and the jabbing, agonising pains of lumbago are quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment. Just pat it on. No rubbing, no massaging. Sloan's induces a comforting, pain-relieving warmth by stimulating the circulation. Pain is driven away in a few minutes. Keep a bottle of Sloan's always handy. It's valuable for stopping the pain also of bruises, sprains, joint aches and fibrositis. Never be without Sloan's—the greatest protection against pains and aches in muscles and joints.

2/9 BOTTLE

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

AT ALL CHEMISTS

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NEW DRAMA

★ Distinguished British theatre stars Vivien Leigh, Kenneth More, Eric Portman, and Emlyn Williams head the cast in this widescreen, De Luxe color version of "The Deep Blue Sea" (Fox).

Author Terence Rattigan wrote the scenario from his own hit play.

"The Deep Blue Sea" is a strong drama in which the beautiful and neurotic wife (Vivien Leigh) of an eminent judge (Emlyn Williams) becomes infatuated with a weak, likeable cad (Kenneth More).

A suicide attempt is not the way out of her dilemma, but through it she eventually finds enough strength to end the affair.

Moira Lister, Alec McCowen, Arthur Hill, and Dandy Nichols play main feature roles in the film.

1 UNCONSCIOUS from gas fumes and an overdose of sleeping pills, Hester Page (Vivien Leigh) is rescued by fellow-boarders in a London guest house, who get the landlady to open a locked door. Freddie Page is away for the weekend golfing. The landlady tells the young people the Pages are not married.

2 VISITED by her husband, Sir William Collyer (Emlyn Williams), after she has been revived by Miller (Eric Portman, unseen), a deregistered psychiatrist, Hester refuses all help.

3 MEETING with Freddie Page (Kenneth More), right, in Switzerland a year earlier is start of Hester's infatuation. Sir William thinks Page shallow and unstable, although he's an ex-R.A.F. hero.

4 ATTRACTED to Freddie's gaiety and flattered by his obvious admiration, Hester falls deeply and illogically in love with him. She finally leaves her husband and a life of luxury to go off with Page.

5 LIVING in lodgings with jobless Freddie is dreary. He finds it impossible to respond on the same plane to Hester's feelings for him, but neither has the strength to end the affair.

6 READING the letter Hester left for him after the suicide attempt has failed, Page realises that he must get away. He tries, but Hester follows him from club to club across London.

7 DRAMA climaxes when Sir William, helped by Miller, persuades Hester that if either of them is to make any kind of life, she must leave Page. Freddie is stunned when Hester sends him away.

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Continuing . . . . Little Limey

from page 5

instinct told him she would be horrified and shocked. Maybe that went over big with very smart, fashionable girls, but the average English girl or American girl, for that matter, would be unlikely to respond as Lucien hoped.

Then he choked the words back. Why say them? Why not just let the affair unfold, and Lucien plunge to his doom? He felt, all of a sudden, light-hearted.

"Sure . . . Why not? Go ahead . . ." he said, falsely. He tried to say, "Good luck to you." He tried to say, "Good hunting" — but, he choked on the words. A man can go just so far but no farther when he comes from a good home.

It would settle the matter once and for all, Freddie told himself. It would clear the way for him. Lucien, his appetite, as it were, whetted, would soon find someone else. For him, Freddie, no one else would do.

The little Limey had a white tulle dress on. Tonight it was scattered all over with sparkly things like stars. She looked, thought Freddie, like the Snow Fairy, and not a Shetland pony any more.

She looked so soft and white and pure that he felt a moment's pang at the thought he had done nothing to protect her from the amorous advances of the Frenchman—but every instinct he had told him it was O.K. She wasn't that sort.

The chaperon was still ill. All one ever saw of her was assorted physics being carried up on a tray together with cups of pap-like beverages and a few plain biscuits.

"For her," said Lucien, "it is not at all gay."

At midnight, when the fun was fast and furious, Lucien sought out Freddie. "Congratulate me. I am a happy man, and I owe it all to you."

"What do you mean?"

"I have asked her the number of her room. She has told it to me."

Freddie's throat went dry. There was a sort of crackling in his head like fireworks.

"She told you?" he said, his world falling all in a heap about him. She was no different from the rest of them! He had felt so safe, so sure, and he wasn't!

"You do not feel well, mon vieux?" Lucien asked anxiously.

"Oh, sure. I'm fine . . . fine . . ." said Freddie, hating him. "What is the number?"

Wild thoughts came to him. He would get there first. He would mount guard all night armed with his ice-hockey stick — he would lie across the threshold like a faithful Indian servant.

Lucien raised his eyebrows. "That it would be most unmannerly to reveal," he said stiffly, and stalked away.

So that was the end. A word from him would have choked Lucien off, but he had egged him on. Shaken and distraught, Freddie walked out into the snow under the stars.

He took neither muffler nor coat nor snow shoes, nor an intelligent interest in the weather. Beside himself, he wandered up the mountain. A little snow scurried down. He did not take the warning. The wind howled eerily, telling him a blizzard was coming.

He did not hear.

Nobody missed him till breakfast time next morning.

Freddie did not actually die for love, but he came pretty near it. He had double pneumonia and spent three weeks in a hospital. They sent him flowers and kind messages, the people he had known in the hotel, and every kind of rumor arose round his disappearance.

He had fallen down a crevice. He had eloped to Spain with the little Andalusian. He had been arrested by the Security Police for smuggling nylon underwear in a Diplomatic Bag. Assorted posies from the various girls he had kissed but whose names he had never been clear about reached him.

"How much later than we think is it?"

A bunch of violets came from the little Limey. Twelve bottles of Chateau Champs d'Hiver 1943 from Lucien with a little note that undid the good the wine might have done him:

"How can I thank you enough! I am a happy man When you are well then I will come to visit you with my fiancee for all this happiness I owe to you . . ."

Freddie turned his face to the wall. They made him drink the Chateau Champs d'Hiver 1943, but every drop choked him and he did not fatten up at all. He tried not to think about her, but she came to him in most of his dreams, laughing, with those soft, dark eyes that reminded him of a Shetland pony's.

He wrote her a stiff little note of thanks for the violets, and added his brief congratulations and wishes for her future happiness, feeling like a man who has laid his own head on the guillotine and chopped it off with his own hand.

She was one of the first to come when he was allowed visitors. He awoke from his afternoon sleep, and there she was, wearing scarlet parka, standing beside him.

"Poor you," she said softly. "You do look run down."

His voice came in bursts like the wireless does when there is about to be a technical hitch at the transmitter. He said he was all right. He said he was doing fine . . .

"I brought you a message from our dear Lucien. His father died. He had to go home. He'll have to go into the business now and brew his old wine to his heart's content. It's what he always wanted, isn't it?"

He closed his eyes. Oh, fortunate Lucien, born under a lucky star, with everything working out for you so right.

"Thanks for the note," she went on. "You shouldn't have bothered. But what was all that hearty congratulation stuff on the end of it about?"

His lips were dry and stiff. He tried to speak, but achieved nothing save a crackling, like tissue paper inside a boot. And suddenly she clapped her hand to her mouth. Her eyes grew wide and she stared at him . . . and began to laugh.

"But, of course, you were ill . . . You didn't know . . ."

"He told me," he croaked . . . "that you gave him the number of your room."

She sat down and took his hand, still laughing. "Listen," she said. "A bedtime story . . . We were dancing that night, having fun the way people do have fun, when he suddenly said in my ear, 'Do you sleep alone?'

"Well, of course, I know what Frenchmen are, though I was rather surprised, so I just said yes, I did, thinking it was just French conversation and that would be the end of it . . . But it wasn't. 'You shall give me your room number . . .' he said. At first I didn't think he was serious because, of course, men don't ask girls those sort of things in Scotland —but after that I remembered honi soit and all that — and when you're in Rome you must do as the Romans do, and I didn't want to spoil his evening by being stuffy . . . So I told him my number was 888 . . ."

She laughed and her curls fell over his hand as she hid her face against it.

"And—was it?" he croaked.

"No. That was Miss Dyce's number. The chaperon, you know. She was still kept in her room recovering from a cold. She wears flannel night-dresses and wears her hair in two pigtails, and she'd put a lot of cold cream on her nose that night because it was sore with the cold . . .

"At first I thought what a mean trick I'd played, for Dycie is a pet and a poppet . . . but it turned out all for the best in the most wonderful way. It seems he likes flannel and plaits. It seems she was what he had been waiting for all his life. What happened will never be known, but ten days later they got engaged.

"Dycie looks positively radiant, and I am sure she will make a wonderful wine brewers' wife, for she speaks fluent French and the cooking never upsets her inside. Isn't it nice," said the little Limey wistfully, "to hear of someone's wildest, if rather unlikely, dreams coming true.

"And isn't it queer that of all the lovely and glamorous people in the hotel these holidays, Dycie should be the only one to find a real romance."

He wasn't strong enough just then to battle with a lot of ideas. He lay back, swamped with relief. He found he was still holding her hand. She did not take it away, so he put it under his pillow. The chaperon . . . tweeds, and large feet . . . He had never got around to looking at her face.

She hadn't suggested glamor to him. Only somebody's aunt, but there you are . . . it takes all sorts to make a world. And in that happy moment he had the strangest vision of himself fitting the latch key into the little house in Vermont that went with the manager's job and calling: "Hi!" Come to think of it, they also were who weave folks pants and vests . . .

He said hoarsely: "The holidays aren't over yet."

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move your arms slowly, not like wings, but as if you were pushing down to force yourself up. You push down very, very hard, arms out and fingers spread, and it's awfully difficult—and then you're up and go sailing around."

Inez had had this dream so often, she told Ed, that finally she'd become convinced she could make it come true. So about a year before she had secretly tried it. Push down hard, with all your strength and will in it. If you did, you'd rise. Inez, after a particularly vivid flying dream, had been sure she would. She did.

She floated around and had an exciting time, but then she couldn't get down again. That is, to get down she had to go up to the ceiling and push down hard to get to the floor.

It scared her a little and she had a hunch that it was a forbidden thing and she'd better cut it out. But it had been so queer and exciting that she couldn't quit; and the more she did it, the easier it became. She got so that just a flip of her hands would send her soaring, and that was her undoing.

Inez lived in Boston in a big inherited house with her aunt, Mrs. Richardson, and Grant and Teddy as sort of inherited permanent guests. She'd lived a quiet life, letting the gorgeous Teddy have more of the attention and the dates. Then she started confounding people by soaring at odd moments.

She tried to unlearn her lesson, and couldn't. When her hands flipped down, she flipped up. By moving them very slowly, she could prevent soaring, but you can't go through life in slow motion.

She tried weighting herself and found that two or three pounds would float her back down, all right, but no practicable weight would prevent her soaring in the first place.

She took to wearing a weighted belt under her clothing, and that gave her a safety factor but did not stop the unexpected ascents that kept unforgivably startling Boston society.

"Finally, she took the Riviera villa out of season," Ed told

Continuing . . . . The Floating Heiress

from page 3

me, "to try to hide and maybe get over this. But it hasn't worked. She hasn't got over it, and you might as well try to hide a three-ring circus."

"And this is the girl you want to marry?"

"Yes." Ed sighed. "And you can imagine what Lake Forest will say if I have to reach up and pull my wife down from the ceiling."

He got up. "I'm to join Inez at the float. Why not come back this evening, and I'll take you around to meet her?"

I said I would, and went thoughtfully back to Nice.

There was, at the Negresco, a brilliant young specialist in psychosomatic illnesses, Dr. Francois Bonnard. I went to him.

"The illusion of levitation," he mused. "One of the oldest and most persistent of hallucinations. I had a patient whose hands had broken out in a painful rash. He was sure that everything he touched rose with them.

"He would lay his hand on a book, and the book would rise with the hand though he was not grasping it in any way. He would then have to stand on the book to wrench his hand free. This was chafing the skin of his fingers."

"You cured him."

"Oh, easily. In my office I asked him to perform this small miracle for me. He laid his hand on a book, raised the hand, and the book stayed right where it was. He said it must be "because I didn't believe."

"And?"

"He could never do it again. He said I had planted doubt in his mind."

I asked if he would come with me this evening to see if he could plant some doubt in Mlle Talbot's mind, and he said he'd be glad to. So at nine we picked Ed up at his pension and went on to the Talbot villa, where we were introduced to middle-aged Mrs. Richardson and to Grant and Teddy and Inez.

Teddy was a beauty—a tall, calm, golden blonde.

"Charmed!" exclaimed Dr. Bonnard, bending over her hand in a stunned way. "A very great pleasure, Miss Talbot."

"Richardson," said Teddy. "This is Miss Talbot."

"Oh," said Bonnard. "Charmed."

It was not diplomacy at its best, but nice-looking, quiet-mannered Cousin Inez did not seem bothered. She asked if we wanted drinks, and gave the

> **It takes a man twenty-five years to learn to be married; it's a wonder women have the patience to wait for it.**
> ***—Clarence Budington Kelland.***

orders, while the doctor tried to keep his attention on her instead of on Teddy Richardson.

I didn't see the unintended hand-move that did it; I was talking to Mrs. Richardson. But I saw the result.

I turned, and the doctor was gaping at Miss Talbot. I looked, too, and there was Inez in a sitting position a foot or so above the divan and clutching ineffectually at the cushions. She settled slowly down again—the weighted belt?—and the talk went on spasmodically for a while. Then Ed said he and Inez were going for a drive, and they left, and Dr. Bonnard and I followed them out a little later.

"Well!" I said, in the car.

"Mlle Talbot's . . . er . . . illusion is remarkably strong," said the doctor, perspiring.

"You're sceptical about what you saw?"

"Seemed to see. Please! Seemed to see. The young lady, unknown to herself, is a hypnotist of awe-inspiring ability.

"You think that's the explanation?"

"My dear sir, what else. You don't really believe a solid, if slender, body can float above a divan?"

"Can you cure her?"

"I think so. Fortunately one can usually guarantee a cure for such 'diseases.' Also fortunately," he chuckled, "they are not contagious."

So Bonnard's manner inspired confidence. But his next report did not.

"Are you making progress?" I demanded when I managed to track him down five days later.

"Indeed, yes," said Bonnard, smiling dreamily at the ceiling of his expensive office. "She told me yesterday that she adores Paris and the Riviera. And today she confessed that she likes slightly older men."

"Mlle Talbot?" I said.

"Oh, no. Miss Richardson. The Mlle Teddy." He cleared his throat. "Miss Talbot continues the same. Twice have I seemed to see her rise into the air, even though I knew better."

"You don't suppose," I said, "that she actually can—"

"Please! Avoid the ridiculous. Man may break the laws of man, but never of physics. It's illusion, and I shall find a way to stop it. After some more visits to the Talbot villa."

Oh, fine, I thought. With the doctor infatuated with Teddy, what chance did Inez have of being intelligently treated.

I underestimated my man, however. Three days later he came to my apartment and unrolled a square of metal foil, lead on one side, shiny copper on the other.

"Alors!" he said. "A cure for Miss Talbot."

"What on earth—"

"You'll see. Come along."

Inez and Ed were on the Talbot terrace. There was no sign of the distracting Teddy, which was perhaps as well. Ed waved to us, and Inez smiled, and Bonnard asked if we could see her a moment in the house.

In the living-room I closed the door and she looked at us with puzzled dark eyes. "I believe," Dr. Bonnard told her, "that I know how to stop your soaring. You'd like that, would you not?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "It's a curse."

"Then I think that this will do it." He unrolled the square of foil, copper on one side and lead on the other. It looked very scientific and authentic.

"Levitation," he said gravely, "is really a suspension of the force of gravity. No one knows how it is that a rare few can accomplish it. No one knows why magnetism exerts the power it does either.

"We don't know why these things work," the doctor went on, "but we know how they do and how to handle them to some extent. We can insulate electricity. We can also shield objects against magnetic power."

Inez stared at the foil.

"Stand on it," Bonnard said, "and see if you can soar."

"How could metal foil affect that?"

"I don't know how, Miss Talbot. But I think it will, just as it affects the power of a magnet to attract or repel."

"I can't believe it!" She stepped on to the square, doubtfully, hopefully.

"Now," Bonnard said, grinning. "Soar!"

She took a deep breath. She moved her hands at her sides—downward, pressing motions.

She stayed on the foil.

She gasped, then tried the extreme movements Ed had told of when describing her fine efforts. Arms extended at her sides, fingers spread, she thrust down hard, like one of the big soaring birds trying clumsily to rise from earth.

"Good. It works," said Bonnard in a matter-of-fact tone. "You can cut inner soles of the foil, and wear them in your shoes."

She wasn't listening. She stepped off the foil, tried again. Nothing happened.

"Ed!" she called, with a break in her voice. "Ed!" He took her in his arms. "I'm cured!" she said. "Oh, Ed, I'm cured. We won't have to worry any more."

On the way back to the Negresco, free from the need of play-acting, Dr. Bonnard indulged himself in the amused scorn of the hard-headed realist.

"The ills which plague us and which never were. The cousin of my lovely Teddy will go to her grave convinced that once with a mere pressure of the hands she could float.

"Your lovely Teddy?" I said.

"A manner of speaking." He casually shrugged.

Inez and the Richardsons went back to Boston, and Ed went home to Lake Forest. Inez joined him a month later for the wedding. I flew out from New York for it, and with me flew Dr. Bonnard.

The wedding was at St. James', and Ed and Inez made a charming couple, happy in their love and in their freedom from a worry no less harassing for the fact that it had never actually existed. A charming couple. But interest in the church was rather split between them and one of the bridesmaids.

The Richardsons had come for the ceremony, of course, and Teddy Richardson, the bridesmaid in question, drew an audible hum of admiration as she moved down the aisle. She looked like an angel, and I did not blame the eminent young specialist beside me for craning his neck to the dislocation point.

"Is she not exquisite?" he whispered raptly. In an effort to see still better, he pushed down hard with his hands. "Would it not be a privilege to devote the rest of one's life to such—"

"Sssh!" said a middle-aged lady in the pew ahead, turning indignantly. The indignation was replaced by horrified disbelief of a spectacle which an instant later plunged the church into an uproar and thirty minutes afterwards was humming over all the press wires.

The good doctor was creating an incredibly realistic illusion of floating a full foot off the polished, dark wood bench.

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Continuing . . . .

Death In The Wind

from page 9

said, hesitated, then added firmly, "But I do not think Maman would want me to."

"But how about you, Pierre? Don't you want to?"

There was a pause, then the boy said, "I am sure Maman will say no."

This was not going at all as Brad had expected. He asked quietly, "Where is your mother?"

"Shopping in Hartford, I think."

After a moment, Brad said, "You have a bicycle, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you take a ride down here to the harbor and say hello? We can talk it over and you can see the yawl. And I have something for you—a surprise."

"Please wait one minute," Pierre said. "I will ask."

Brad heard the sound of voices at the other end of the line; then Pierre came on again and said, "I will come," in a voice quick and breathless, and at once hung up.

Brad moved out of the building and stood on the gravel, with his hands in the pockets of his white ducks. On his feet were rope-soled espadrilles, and his torso was covered by a horizontally striped T shirt that the French called a maillot; both were relics of a trip to the shores of Normandy.

The girl came out of the bar, gave Brad a slow smile, then walked to a car in the parking area. She was older than he had first thought, red-headed.

Brad had seen women like her all over the world, generally in bars and cafes, and often alone. She was one of the company of dissatisfied, searching women, he thought, and Menasset must be a dull place for her.

The town green lay a quarter of a mile distant, on a wooded hill, where the white spire of a church thrust up through the trees. Brad smiled faintly. He had been married in that church. He could not read the clock hands on the spire and glanced at his wrist-watch; it was now four o'clock.

A blue convertible was approaching, a girl at the wheel, and as it turned into the parking area he saw a boy with her—a thin boy who carried his head forward and a little on the right side, whose narrow shoulders seemed tensely poised. He was Pierre.

Brad called, "Hi, there."

The boy's smile was shy and he said in a high, almost falsetto voice as Brad opened the door of the convertible, "I am glad to see you, Papa." His hand was limp in Brad's.

The girl at the wheel smiled at Brad and said, "I have some errands to run in town. Suppose I come back for Pierre in about an hour. I'm Paula Trent. Pierre and I were having a game of backgammon when you called, so I drove him down here."

She was young, with a slender, almost fragile build, and she carried her head confidently high. Her hair was black, and her blue eyes were thick-lashed and alert. Now she was inspecting Brad, taking in the espadrilles and the striped maillot.

She smiled and said, "I've heard a lot about you, Mr. Davis, and I've read your articles. I thought of you as a dignified, morning-coat sort of journalist, maybe even with a carnation in your buttonhole."

"I picked these things up in Normandy," he said. "And I'm a hardworking newspaperman, not a journalist."

"I only meant to say that you look very different from your photograph," the gi said apologetically.

"It's time I had a new on made," he said. "That cut the run is five years old."

There was a brief pause.

"I'd better be on my way, the girl said. "I'll come bac a little after five."

As Paula Trent backed th blue convertible away, he sai "She seems to be a nice girl Pierre. Is she a friend of you mother's?"

"Dad-dee has known her a long time, too," Pierre said.

"Who has?"

"Mr. Bellows," Pierre said "He says I should call him Dad-dee. But Paula is also my friend. When Maman bough my boat from her, she taught me how to run the motor."

"You have a boat?"

"A fourteen-foot boat with a five-horse outboard motor," he said. "It will go pretty fast."

"Do you like sailboats, too? Want to look over my yawl?"

"If you wish, Papa," the boy said.

"It's not a quetsion of what I wish," Brad said. "What do you wish? That's the question."

"I would like very much to see it," Pierre said politely.

"She's not really mine," Brad explained, as they walked along the dock. "I chartered her for a couple of weeks for this cruise."

The tanks had been filled and water taken aboard, and while Brad was paying the dock attendant Pierre went below. Brad found him sitting on the berth with the fishing-rod in his hands, examining it soberly.

"That feather lure is for bluefish, Pierre," Brad said. "It's getting to be the time of year when there are lots of blues."

"I like it very much," the boy said. "Thank you, Papa."

Brad realised that not once had Pierre met his eyes. With forced lightness, he said, "What do you say we run out through the channel and see if there's wind enough to fill her sails?"

Pierre said doubtfully, "We have only one hour."

"We'll be back in plenty of time," Brad said. "I want you to get the feel of her." As the boy hesitated, he went on firmly, "Hop up on deck and stand by to cast off. Captain's orders."

When Pierre nodded and started up the ladder, Brad thought that it was a small advance, a beginning. The boy stood at the bow as Brad cast off and pointed the bow of the yawl towards the channel markers.

Brad called out, "Want to take the tiller?"

Pierre shook his head, and to demonstrate that there was a reason for his refusal, he immediately dropped to his knees and began laying the bowline in a tight Flemish coil. Brad knew it was an excuse, and waited while the boy moved on to another line that had been left in loose coils. The yawl was passing the last nun buoy when Pierre stepped into the cockpit.

"You haven't told me much about yourself," Brad said. "Where do you go to school, Pierre?"

"Last year I had Mr. Brewster, but he did something Maman did not like, and after that Maman and I studied the books together."

"Mr. Brewster was a tutor?"

"Yes," Pierre said. "He was very strict and he had a bad temper. Pretty soon I will go

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away to school. Dad-dee said I must be called Peter when I go away. I must have an American name, he said."

"How do you feel about that?"

"I am a French boy," Pierre said.

There was a rebuke in it for himself, Brad thought, but for Ruth also. He asked, "Where are you going to school?"

"To a military school, I think. It is very good discipline, Dad-dee says."

"I suppose it is," Brad said, and felt resentment towards this man who was making a father's decisions for Pierre. "If discipline is what you want," he added.

"I think I will like the uniform and the parades," Pierre said. "My father was a soldier of France."

"How do you know that?"

"I know," Pierre said.

Brad inspected the boy's solemn face. Possibly his father had been a soldier of France, and possibly not. As the mayor of the Normandy town had said when Brad asked questions, "Who knows?" Ruth had undoubtedly invented a father for the boy, he decided; she could be subtle in her choice of weapons.

"I'm not sure that military school is the place for you, Pierre," Brad said.

"I think it does not matter much, Papa," the boy said.

"Of course it matters. Schools are important."

"But you never did care very much," Pierre said.

Brad leaned forward and turned the ignition key. The sound of the motor was replaced by the splashing of water at the bow.

"Look, kid, have you forgotten Paris?" Brad asked earnestly. "Don't you remember the fun we used to have? Remember the Luxembourg Gardens? Remember how you used to laugh at my French? But you taught me. I learned a lot from you."

Pierre was holding a moistened finger aloft, and he said in a voice that had travelled miles away, "I think some wind blows now."

Death In The Wind

Continuing . . . .

from page 46

All right, Brad thought, he would let it pass. He could not break down these defences all at once.

"O.K., let's get sail up," he said.

They hoisted mainsail and jigger and jib, but the booms swayed gently with the motion of the boat and the canvas hung slackly overhead.

"Have you ever been cruising in a boat like this?" Brad asked.

"No," Pierre said. "I am not allowed to go outside the harbor with my outboard unless Paula is with me, or Uncle Alex."

"I never heard of Uncle Alex," Brad said.

"He is Paula's jeune homme," Pierre said. "He asks me to call him Uncle Alex, but he is not my uncle. He is a cousin of Maman."

"Don't you play with other kids?"

"I have very good fun," Pierre said. "Maman says a boy should learn to make his own fun."

Brad said, "I should think your friend Paula would know some boys in town."

"I am very happy by myself," Pierre said. "And Paula is very sympathique."

"You bought her boat, you said?"

"It did not belong to her, Papa. That is her business—to sell things. She sells many houses, and sometimes a boat."

"She's in real estate, then?"

"That is it," Pierre said. "Her father is sick and she manages his affairs. It is written on her window—real estate."

Brad said, "Tell me, what do you do with yourself all day?"

"I go in my boat. I ride my bicycle. I play on the beach and feed the seagulls."

"I suppose you and Mr. Bellows go fishing now and then?"

"No. Dad-dee does not like the water."

"How do you get along with Mr. Bellows?"

"I like him very much," Pierre said. "Very, very much."

"Let's talk about the cruise," he said. "We may have a little trouble with your mother, but don't you think we can persuade her?"

"I think Maman would say no."

Brad looked at the boy and said with a grin, "You're a tough little nut to crack, you know."

"Nut?" Pierre said.

"It's a slang expression. It means I can't tell whether you want to sail with me or not. If your mother did give her permission, how would you feel about it?"

"She will say no," Pierre said.

It was going to be a lonely cruise to Nantucket, Brad thought. He got abruptly to his feet and said, "I think we'd better start back."

As the yawl approached the town dock Brad saw a group of people standing near the gasoline pumps, and heard Pierre's precise voice say, "I think it is the police, Papa."

Brad made out the grey campaign hat of a member of the State police and the brilliant blue of the man's necktie. Pierre said, "Yes, and it is Maman and Dad-dee."

Brad turned the yawl into the boat basin and pointed the bow into the current to approach the dock. A clear voice called across the water, "Pierre, are you all right?"

"Yes, Maman," Pierre answered.

Brad looked across the water at the face of his former wife. It was a face he knew well: the pencilled eyebrows were like broken bows; the eyes were half-closed. Ruth was obviously angry, but for no apparent reason. Brad noted that the State police officer at her side was a lieutenant.

Pierre tossed the bowline and a short man with horn-rimmed glasses and a greyish, rather sad face caught it and looped it inexpertly around a bollard. This must be Porter Bellows, Brad thought.

The lieutenant stepped aboard and said firmly, "Where have you been with the boy, Mr. Davis?"

"Come ashore, darling," Ruth said.

> **Most of us get what we deserve, but only the successful will admit it.**
>
> ***—Anon***

Brad looked up at her and asked, "Why the reception committee?"

"You had no right to take Pierre," she said crisply, "You know that very well."

"She thought you'd kidnapped the boy," the lieutenant said. "I was about to send the police launch out to look for you. I'm Lieutenant Gray, of the Connecticut police."

"Kidnapped?" Brad said. "My heaven, we just went for a sail!"

"Mrs. Bellows was afraid you were taking the boy out of the State," Lieutenant Gray said. "As I understand it, he is in her legal custody."

"There's no dispute about that," Brad said. "If I had been trying to take him out of the State I wouldn't have used a boat that can't make better than six knots."

"You go straight out into the sound just seven miles and you're out of the State," the lieutenant said, with a sweep of one hand. "Out past the middle of the sound you're in New York State."

Brad shrugged. "We came back, didn't we? We're here, aren't we?"

He felt the flush of anger on his cheeks. Ruth knew he hadn't been trying to take Pierre away; Ruth knew he wasn't contesting her rights. But this was a heck of a thing for Pierre, he thought.

Lieutenant Gray touched Brad's shoulder lightly. "Next time why don't you ask permission to take the boy for a sail?"

"There was no one to ask," Brad said stiffly. "Pierre is my son, lieutenant, and just last week his mother said she had no objection to my seeing him at any time. I chartered this boat so that I could take him on a cruise to Nantucket. That's why I came here today."

"This is news," Ruth's quick voice broke in. "You planned a nice little cruise, without letting anyone know. You sneaked in here and got Paula Trent to bring him down to the dock. I saw Paula downtown. That's how I knew about it . . . otherwise, lieutenant, heaven knows where they'd be by now." She turned her head and said firmly, "Porter, please take Pierre on to the car."

Porter Bellows took Pierre's hand without a word. He moved softly and smiled gently, like a man with a secret joke.

Ruth waited until Pierre and her husband were out of earshot; then she said in a low, biting voice, "I thought we had a pretty plain understanding, Brad. It's all down in black and white. Pierre is in my custody, period! You may see him if and when I say you can, and I think it's better all around that you don't see him at all. I think I would be perfectly justified if I swore out a complaint of kidnapping."

"Now, I think that would be a little drastic, Mrs. Bellows," Lieutenant Gray said mildly.

"At the least, he is guilty of contempt of court," she said. "You were a reluctant father in the first place, Brad. You came here today simply to make trouble, and I warn you, if you come again, I am the one who'll make trouble; and I mean it." She turned away and her heels rang aggressively on the boards of the dock as she walked to the parking area.

"I think she does mean it, Mr. Davis," Lieutenant Gray said. He was a tall, relaxed man who wore his uniform as if it pleased him, and he had a bland, guileless face, but his eyes were wise and penetrating. "I think she gave you pretty good advice," he said.

Brad sat down heavily in the cockpit and said in a low, spiritless voice, "The boy was orphaned by the war and we took him in when he was five years old, lieutenant. I feel responsible for him, and I didn't want him to think that I had deserted him simply because my wife and I were divorced. And believe it or not, just last week she said I could see him whenever I wished."

"I believe you," the lieutenant said. "It's a tough situation, but I hope you can work it out in the future without calling the police. Just get a lawyer, don't call a cop." He stepped to the dock, flipped his hand in farewell and walked away.

Brad was angry, but he knew that he had handled it all wrong. After all these years he should have been a better judge of Ruth's reactions. He should have written letters gracefully and carefully composed, made polite arrangements. But he shook his head at once. Ruth had poisoned Pierre's mind against him, that much was plain. There was certainly no place in Pierre's life for Brad, and apparently no place in the boy's emotions.

"May I come aboard?" a voice asked.

Paula Trent was standing on the dock, and her face looked troubled in the warm glow of the late-afternoon sun. He held his hand for her, but she stepped into the cockpit without taking it and said, "I understand there's been a big

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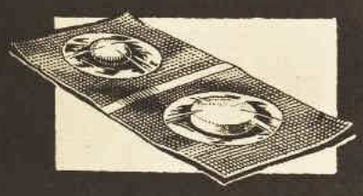
ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.



New Medical Discovery Reduces Weight without Effort

NO DRUGS! NO EXERCISE! BASED ON APPROVED MEDICAL PRINCIPLES

ANGELIN, the new medical discovery that reduces overweight, is the safest, surest, easiest way to slim *without effort*. The Angelin Method consists of two special tablets—one of a harmless vegetable substance (recently discovered) which acts as an "appetite appeaser," allowing a slimming diet to be followed without discomfort. The other Angelin tablet provides supplementary vitamins which guard against any vitamin deficiency while the diet is being followed. Ask *your* chemist about Angelin to-day!

Angelin White Tablet
THE "APPETITE APPEASER"

Taken before meals with water; enables the full dietary instructions contained in the Angelin treatment to be followed easily and without discomfort.
The Angelin Method is so easy, so effective—even if you have tried other weight-reducing systems without success, you will find Angelin will enable you to bring your weight down to the young, slim, fashionable figure you desire.

Angelin Orange Tablet
SUPPLEMENTARY VITAMINS

Taken after meals; supplies the necessary vitamins you need to guard against possible deficiencies in the diet. Angelin Method is based on approved medical principles; if you are in any doubt about weight-reducing, seek your doctor's advice. Remember, slim people are usually healthy, happy people.
Each Angelin pack contains sufficient for three weeks' full treatment, booklet with instructions and general notes on problems of overweight, menu booklet and weight card.

Tablets are individually sealed in easy-to-carry cellophane and foil tapes

ASK YOUR CHEMIST ABOUT

Angelin

Safe and Effective
No Toxic Drugs
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SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

NEW, EASY DIET METHOD TO REDUCE WEIGHT

NOW YOU CAN GET SLIM SAFELY . . . . . WITHOUT EFFORT

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DRIVE TO IMPROVE DENTAL HEALTH HAS STARTED

AUSTRALIANS HAVE THE WORLD'S THIRD-WORST TEETH

The majority of Australians have artificial teeth by the time they are 30 or 35. At least 80% of Australian children have tooth decay. This shocking state of affairs must be remedied.

In co-operation with makers of Ipana tooth paste are heading Australian pharmacists, the a national campaign to improve dental health—to fight tooth decay.

Emphasis is being laid on the fact that the fundamentals of dental health are these:—

1. A check-up by a dentist every six months.
2. Correct and thorough brushing of the teeth right after eating.
3. Use of the tooth paste which contains anti-decay WD-9 . . . Ipana.

WIN A MOVIE PROJECTOR!

NEW COMPETITION FOR CHILDREN IN THE "FIGHT DECAY" CAMPAIGN

From children 12 to 15 years of age and 11 years and under, Ipana invites answers to the following simple question:

"What is the best way to keep teeth clean and healthy?"

Answers should be not more than 50 words in length. Mark your age group on the envelope and mail your entry, together with your name, address and birth date, to "IPANA COMPETITION," P.O. BOX 58, NORTH SYDNEY, N.S.W.

As well as the major prizes *150 BOOKS* for selected age groups will be awarded on merit. These include pictorial encyclopædias, junior classics and novels, and attractively illustrated books for younger children. ENTRIES MUST BE RECEIVED NOT LATER THAN 1st MAY, 1956.

FIRST PRIZE in each age group: "Eumig" Electric Movie Projector with films. Value approx. £70 each.

SECOND PRIZE in each age group: "Piccolo" hand-operated Movie Projector with films. Value approx. £15 each.

WD-9

NEWEST CONTRIBUTION TO DECAY PREVENTION

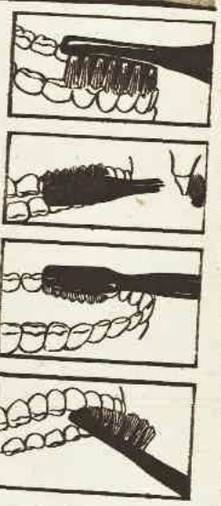
WD-9 is important because it destroys bacteria. Mouth bacteria through their enzymes act on many foods to form tooth decay acids. WD-9 is both a bacteria-destroyer and an anti-enzyme. Tests have shown that brushing, right after eating, with IPANA, which contains WD-9, can prevent up to 60% of tooth decay.

This is why Ipana is recommended by 8 out of 10 dentists

Dentists recommend Ipana because they know that, used after eating, Ipana can indeed prevent most tooth decay. Every single brushing combats the causes of troublesome cavities . . . checks the bacterial enzyme action that produces tooth decay acids.

Make your next tube of tooth paste IPANA. Use it faithfully and your teeth will certainly become whiter and cleaner . . . your mouth and breath will stay fresher . . . and you can be confident that every brushing with Ipana is reducing the risk of tooth decay.

CORRECT BRUSHING AIDS DENTAL HEALTH



You should brush your teeth right after eating—the way your dentist recommends. Read these points carefully:

1. With ½ inch of Ipana on the brush, clean backwards and forwards on the chewing surfaces of your teeth.
2. With a rolling motion, brush outer surfaces of teeth, working from the gum margins to biting edges.
3. Clean inside your teeth in the same way as for outer surfaces—brushing from gums to biting edges.
4. Changing the position of the brush, clean inside front teeth—*downward* for upper teeth—*upward* for lower teeth.

Used in this way right after eating, Ipana can prevent up to 60% of tooth decay. Tests have proved this.

"Demon Decay"

Symbol of the anti-decay drive

The foiling of "Demon Decay" is the entire aim and purpose of the "Fight Decay" campaign in which Ipana plays so important a part.

8 OUT OF 10 DENTISTS RECOMMEND

Ipana tooth paste, with or without chlorophyll, is available from CHEMISTS ONLY.

Continuing . . . .

Death In The Wind

from page 47

scene. I guess it's all my fault. I met Ruth downtown and she asked me where Pierre was."

"There had to be a showdown, I suppose," Brad said. "It looks as though we had it."

"She was pretty angry with me," Paula said. "I knew there'd be repercussions, but I wanted Pierre to see you."

"He saw me," Brad said. "He wasn't much impressed."

"You don't think so?" she said. She sat down and looked up at him, frowning a little. "I don't know whether I understand you, Mr. Davis. Just why did you come here? Just why were you planning this cruise to Nantucket?"

"That's obvious, isn't it? Pierre is my adopted son. I have a pretty strong feeling of obligation."

"Oh, yes," she said. "Obligation."

"But whatever feeling I have is unilateral," he said. "Ruth has done a pretty thorough job of poisoning Pierre's mind against me, I'd say."

Her eyes met his directly, and she said in a slightly slurring tone, "I guess that wasn't difficult, was it?"

He smiled. "I see you know Ruth."

"But I don't know you," she said. "All I meant was, how often did you write him?"

"Not so often as I should have," Brad said, and felt himself unexpectedly on the defensive. "There's not much to say to a boy you haven't seen in a couple of years."

"There are a number of things to say," she said. "'Happy Birthday,' for instance. What reaction would you expect from a little boy who hardly ever gets a letter, who never receives a birthday present?"

"Now wait," he said. "What's this about birthday presents? Last June I sent him a package from Paris, and the year before, when I was in Japan, I sent him —— Do you mean he never got them?"

"That's what I mean," she said.

Anger surged in him. "Ruth is a vindictive woman, but I didn't think she'd take it out on Pierre. She intercepted those presents."

"It's possible," Paula said.

"Are you thinking that I never sent them?"

"Mr. Davis, it's really not important what I think," she said. "The important thing is that Pierre is a sad and neglected little boy. Would it surprise you to know that he admires you tremendously? Would it surprise you to know that he's forever telling people that his father is a famous newspaperman?"

Brad frowned. "Yes, that does surprise me."

"He's a solitary little boy there in that house on the point," she said. "His mother has little time for him, and Porter accepts him as something that came with the marriage, like a superfluous gadget on a new car. He has very few friends except Joe Burns, the gardener, and me, but do you know what that boy does, all by himself?"

"Well?" Brad demanded harshly.

"He publishes a newspaper," she said, her angry eyes holding his. "He writes stories about seagulls and muskrats and dogs and cats, and brings them down to my office and I cut the stencils for him and he runs off a little newspaper on my copying machine. He has a circulation of twenty-five copies. Maybe you'd like to buy a paper? They're only a nickel a copy."

Brad got abruptly to his feet, turning his back on her, but the whipping sarcasm in her tone still rang in his ears.

"I wonder if you see what all that means?" she said.

"I'm not altogether blind."

"That's why I wanted him to see you today," she said. "That's why I brought him here to the dock. I knew how Ruth would take it. I knew she'd be absolutely furious, but I had to take that chance. It wasn't worth it, was it?"

"I'm sorry," he said, and remained with his back turned to her as he gazed across the harbor waters at the house on the point.

"You may think I have no right to say all this," she said. "But I think I have a right. As Pierre's friend, I have more than a right; I have a duty."

He said earnestly, "You're a real friend, Paula," and slowly turned. "May I call you Paula? I'm very grateful to you for what you've done for Pierre, and for this."

She glanced away and put one hand to her eyes, with a little brushing motion.

"There was a heartbreaking story in one of Pierre's newspapers," she said. "About a little hermit crab that never had a home of its own, but always lived in someone's discarded shell. The little crab didn't understand why it had no shell of its own, and it kept looking."

He asked tightly, "Do you have a file of those newspapers?"

"Yes, I have them all."

"I'd like to see them."

"Will you be here tomorrow?"

He nodded. "I think I'll anchor out at Coot Island for the night, but I'll come ashore in the morning. I don't know just what I'm going to do but I'm not going to let this situation stand as it is."

"Suppose you call me in the morning, then," she said, and put out her hand. "I'm glad you're going to do something about it, Mr. Davis, and I want to say you were right about one thing."

"Yes?"

"Pierre's mind has been poisoned. Ruth is a very single-minded woman, with complete confidence in the right of anything she does, but I suppose you're aware of that. She tells Pierre that you never had any time or patience for little boys. She tells him"—she made a grimace of apology—"that your only interest in him is because there's so much money now."

"Money?" he said.

"Ruth inherited more than a million dollars," Paula said. "Or didn't you know? After inheritance taxes and all that there was a clear, cool million. Your former wife is a rich woman, and Pierre, of course, is her principal heir."

Her eyes questioned his for a moment; then she waved her hand and started away. Brad sank down on a cushion in the cockpit and lit another cigarette.

His thoughts returned to Pierre, and he asked himself the question that had awaited an answer all that afternoon: how did he feel about the boy? Was it only a sense of obligation, a burden of responsibility? He recalled the slender body and bony knees, the blue eyes that hid so much, and he knew that it was more than an obligation.

Then what could he do? That was the next question. He knew Ruth; she could be inflexible, vindictive; she had shown that in trying to cut him

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GARDENING

DAFFODIL TIME

DAFFODILS (left) in Mrs. C. Collier's garden at Thornleigh, N.S.W. Above, Lord Roberts, which, with the three varieties below, was grown by Mr. A. Maher, of Turramurra, N.S.W.

● Gardeners should plant daffodils now to have a show of them next spring.

BULBS of most kinds if planted now, while the soil is moist and warm, will make rapid growth. This applies not only to daffodils, but to hyacinths, tulips, snowflakes, lachenalias, irises, anemones, ranunculi, and many others.

If you have stocks on hand from last season, take them out and discard all that have become soft and flabby.

Many species of bulbs will be sprouting now, indicating they are anxious to get to work to start brightening up the garden.

Daffodils need to be set out early for best results, although the bulb-sowing season extends from the end of January to May.

Give last season's bulbs a rough cleaning, but do not separate twin daffodil bulbs that adhere firmly together, or both may suffer. Plant them as one.

Soil preparation for most bulbs consists of using good quality soil, some bonedust, or well-sieved, very old and rotted manure, all of which should be mixed thoroughly.

Plant the bulbs of daffodils, hyacinths, snowflakes, and tulips from five to six inches deep, and cover the small bulbs at least twice their own diameter with good quality soil. Heavy ground should have plenty of sand added to provide good drainage and rapid emergence of the tops.

If buying new daffodil bulbs, make a choice between Emperors, King Alfreds, Van Waveren's Giants, Lord Roberts, and Monarchs, Golden City and Renowns. They are the best of the self-yellow types.

The white-winged or bicolor daffodils include many fine varieties such as Weardale Perfection, Duke of Bedford, The Pearl, Cyrene, and the ever-popular Empress. All have white wings or perianths and good yellow to golden trumpets.

Fortune, which produces huge blooms of deep lemon gold, with coppery-red edging on the trumpets, cost £25 each back in 1930, but you can buy the bulbs for about one shilling each today.

Of the Poeticus narcissi, the beautiful Snow King, which has pure white flat petals and a broad red central cup, is the best.

Tulips are hillbillies, and rarely thrive on low coastal country in N.S.W. On the tablelands, mountains, and in Melbourne, Tasmania, and cool districts they do well.

Hyacinths are easy to grow practically everywhere except in heavy soil country. Plant in rich sandy loam or where the ground is fertile but gritty and well drained.

They do best if planted in drifts informally, and produce a perfume rarely equalled by any other bulbous flower.

Other bulbs that may be planted now include bluebells or scillas, brodiaeas, alliums, alstroemerias, anomathecas (red freesias), brunsvigias, chionodoas, crocuses (in cool areas), gladioli nanus (dwarf gladioli), habranthus, hippeastrums, hypoxis, lachenalias, muscari, nerines, ornithogalums, pancratiums, snowflakes, sparaxis, sternbergias, triteleias, tritonias, watsonias, zephyranthes, tulips, hyacinths, anemones, ranunculi, babianas.

CAMBERWELL KING (above)

PAULA (right)

ESKIMO (above)

Anything any portable can do

TRIO *can do better*

Trio brings you brightness on the beach with Tone that Belongs to Golden Voice *alone*. Recessed controls and sand-tight cabinet seams mean trouble-free operation for the whole of its much longer life. Re-activator keeps batteries fresh, too. Indoors, Trio operates from A.C. or D.C. mains, so you may use it in the city or country. And the cabinet colours are so fashion-right—red with white accessories, ivory with copper, biscuit with white, or burgundy with white.

The price? Only **29 gns.**

KARMAGNET

The Healing KARMAGNET aerial makes your Trio a car radio, too. It plugs easily into the back of your set, and suction cups on the aerial itself hold it to window or windscreen. You enjoy music on the move without static or fading.

KARMAGNET'S price is 36/-

HEALING *Golden Voice* **RADIO**

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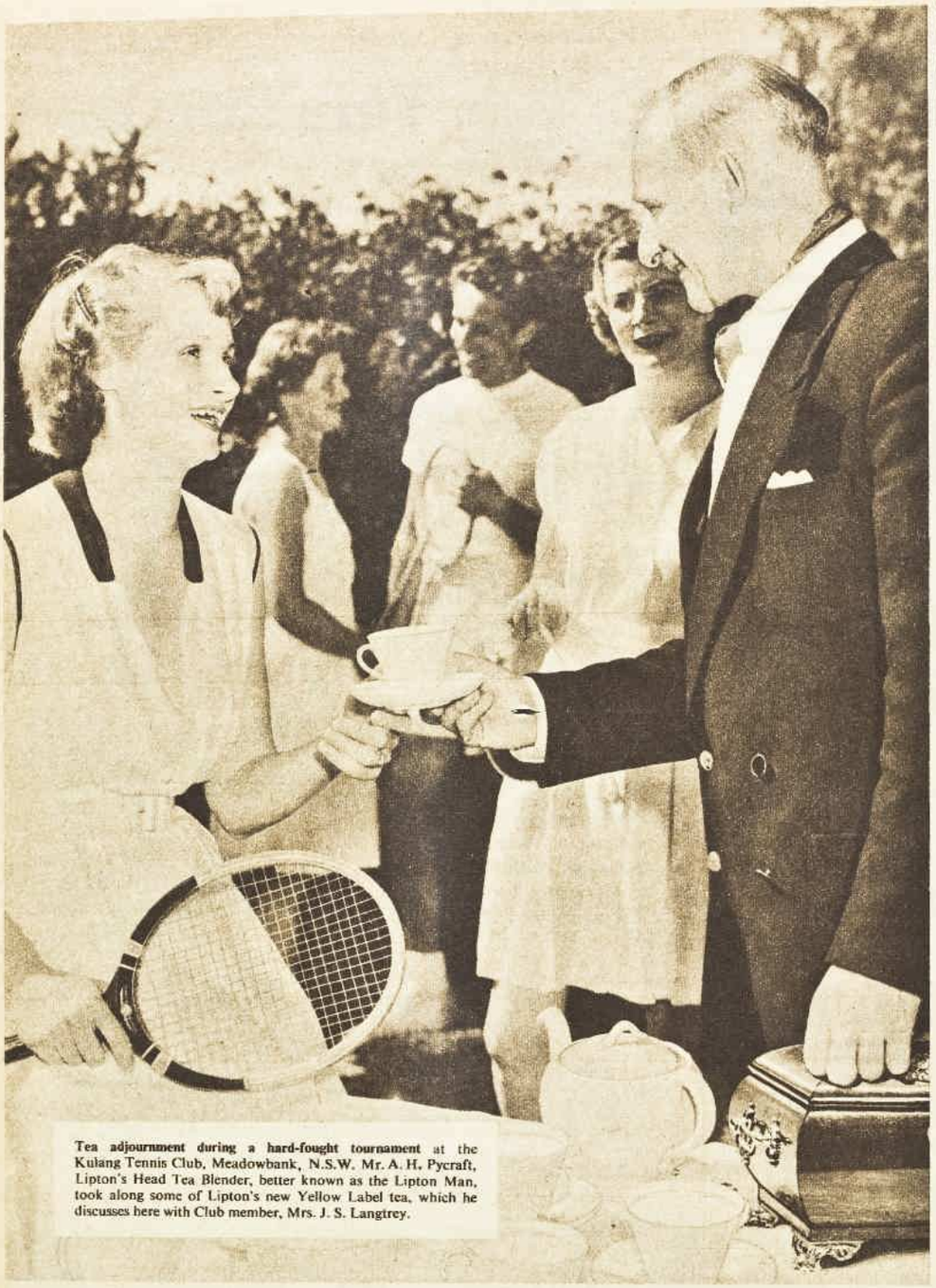

Tea adjournment during a hard-fought tournament at the Kulang Tennis Club, Meadowbank, N.S.W. Mr. A. H. Pycraft, Lipton's Head Tea Blender, better known as the Lipton Man, took along some of Lipton's new Yellow Label tea, which he discusses here with Club member, Mrs. J. S. Langtrey.

A cup for the winner— of the Lipton Man's new Yellow Label tea

"Why haven't I tasted tea like this before?" exclaimed tennis player, Sybil Langtrey.

"You might have — but many years ago," replied Mr. Pycraft, Lipton's Head Tea Blender. "For 14 years, Lipton's imports were restricted, but now I can select teas freely to suit my blend."

"At Lipton's Bandara Eliya tea garden in up-country Ceylon, the cold nights and keen winds produce a brisk, distinctly flavoured tea. I blend fine leaf like that with, say, Maturata for colour and fragrance, and rich, strong Assams from northern India.

Mountain Grown

"All told I blend up to twenty teas to bring you an all-round, perfect flavour in Lipton's Yellow Label."

Try Lipton's new Yellow Label Blend this week.

Priceless flavour of the world's best teas
Trust Lipton's who have been growing and blending teas for three quarters of a century to bring you the priceless flavour of the world's best teas.

NEW YELLOW LABEL BLEND

Lipton TEA

Better teas in the blend — better taste in the tea

L147.WW144g

Continuing . . . .

Death In The Wind

from page 48

out of Pierre's life. In a legal fight for custody he would probably not have much chance, he thought, but his own spirit was not vindictive. He did not want to cut Ruth out of Pierre's life. The only thing to do was to try a new approach, to be conciliatory, to ask for the opportunity to see Pierre regularly.

It was now past six o'clock. Brad went below to wash, slipped on a jacket and walked to the Fisherman's Bar. He took one of the tables overlooking the water, ordered a dinner of local flounder, and later sat a long time over coffee, watching the colors of the setting sun fade in the sky.

As twilight came, he paid his check and went back to the yawl. He cast off and followed the channel in the fading light.

Here on the left was the tall house among the white oaks. On the harbor side there was a small floating dock, and Pierre's runabout was moored fifty yards offshore. The channel came quite near, and on impulse Brad pushed the tiller to starboard and stopped the engine. It was high tide and he was sure there would be plenty of water under the keel, but he anchored a hundred yards from the wall, put the boarding ladder over and drew the dinghy up alongside.

Perhaps it was the peace of the evening that led him to expect peace ashore. It seemed a magic time, with all nature tranquil and receptive. He would see Ruth now, at once. His own mood was right for it, and by now she had had time to cool off.

He brought the dinghy up to the dock with a final pull, and as he put his hand on the edge of the dock a soft voice asked, "Is that you, Papa?"

"Hello," Brad said. "I thought you'd be in bed by now."

"I am allowed to watch the television until eight-thirty," Pierre said. "But it was so nice outside tonight. I was watching a hawk catch a fish."

Brad made the painter fast and stood erect on the dock. "Is your mother home?"

"Yes. Dad-dee has gone to play poker, but Maman is here."

"Pierre, would you like it if I fixed it so we could see each other more often?"

"I think I would like that very much," Pierre said, his voice coming gently, like that of a child half awakened.

"That's why I came to see your mother," Brad said. "Maybe we can fix that up."

"Pierre, who is that?" Ruth's voice called from above, and Brad saw her on the sea wall, a dark figure against the sky.

"It is Papa," Pierre said.

Ruth's heels made a quick, angry sound on the steps. "Just what is the meaning of this Brad?" she cried. "I thought I made it very plain this afternoon! . . . Pierre, you go on in the house! Go up to bed!"

"But, Maman ——" Pierre began.

"No arguments, please!" Ruth said sternly. "Up to bed, young man." She took his hand and drew him back up the steps, but as they reached the top of the wall, Brad called, "I'd like to talk to you, Ruth."

She waited by the cedar guard rail as he climbed the steps to the top of the wall, which was a broad concrete buttress mounted on a foundation of huge boulders down below. He spoke softly.

"Ruth, we've made some bad mistakes," he said.

"Speak for yourself," she said.

"I am," he said. "I'm here to admit my own mistakes. I want to do what I can to repair them."

"Just what are you driving at, Brad?" she asked. "This dulcet mood is new to me."

"I'm thinking about Pierre," he said. "The boy needs a father."

"He has a father."

"I'm sure Mr. Bellows will do what he can," Brad said. "But Pierre has an emotional need that precedes Mr. Bellows."

"You never wanted Pierre in the first place, and you don't want him now," she said, and made a soft, sighing sound of irritation. "Just what is it you do want—to make more trouble?"

"I want Pierre to be happy," he said. "I want to see him regularly, on appointed days, that's all. It's not asking much."

She said firmly: "Pierre is mine and nobody else's, and I want that clearly understood. The answer is no. You are not going to see him regularly, Brad. You are not going to see him at all. I won't have you interfering with his life, and if you write him a letter, I'm going to tear it up."

"As you have done in the past?" he said.

"As I have done."

"I'm wondering what happened to those birthday presents I sent?" he said, holding himself in restraint.

"They're in the attic. Would you like me to mail them back to you?"

"Ruth, I came here in a spirit of compromise," he said. "I thought we might work something out, but I see it's impossible. I think I have a right to see Pierre, and what's more important, Pierre has a right to see me. I'm sorry it's worked out this way, but the only thing for me to do now is get a lawyer and fight it."

"Get a lawyer, then," she said. "For every lawyer you get, I'll get three."

Light shone suddenly on her face, revealing how it was contorted with anger. The oblong of light came down from an upper window of the house — probably Pierre's bedroom — and unexpectedly turned on, it was a pale spotlight for them both.

She turned away, saying in a tone of triumph, "Good-bye, Mr. Davis."

"Wait," he said, but she walked on towards the house. He overtook her in two quick strides and caught her arm.

"Let go," she said, but he jerked her around to face him and, off balance, stumbled into the darkness, still holding her arm.

"All right, you've got a million," he said in a low, shaking voice. "You can hire a battery of lawyers. Go ahead. You're going to need them."

Out of the darkness her palm landed stingingly on his cheek and he heard her taunting laugh. He released her arm and stepped back a pace, and she said, "Now get out. If you come here again, I'll call the police. I mean that."

Brad turned back to the steps. He was sorry that he had lost his temper, but it was not important. It was open warfare now, but actually, with Ruth, it always had been.

He rowed back in darkness to the yawl, brought the anchor aboard and steered back into the channel.

. . . .

As soon as he had anchored in the shelter of the Coot Island breakwater, Brad lighted the riding light and went below. Even undressing seemed a great effort, and he stretched out on

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the starboard bunk with his hands clasped behind his head.

He closed his eyes and slept, and when he awakened the dawn had come, not cat-footed, but with the scurrying, ratlike sound of a flurry of rain on the deck. The wind was easterly and the yawl stirred uneasily as choppy water washed her sides. He sat up and peered out the porthole.

Light was coming in the east, but there were clouds as thick as mashed potatoes overhead, black on the undersides and bordered with a pale lemon-yellow. He sighed and snapped off the light that he had left burning all night. He closed his eyes again and slept.

A sudden lurch awakened him, and he sensed that hours had passed. He heard a whistling sound and felt the yawl shudder under him like a skittish horse. At once he was on his feet, and staggered against the opposite bunk. The wind was blowing violently, and the yawl careened.

He put his head up through the hatchway and spray struck his face stingingly. The air was grey with flying water and, for the moment, Coot Island was obscured. Waves raced past the yawl, flattened by the great wind, and overhead the rigging snapped and creaked.

The bow lifted and plunged and the stern slapped the water with a loud, explosive sound, and he felt the yawl slide away, roll deeply, and then plunge her bow into another wave. She was dragging anchor for sure. No yachtsman's anchor would hold her in a blow like this, and the island was a lee shore. The great wind was blowing the yawl down on the breakwater.

Brad jumped to the ignition and turned the key. The starter hummed below, but the engine did not turn over.

He saw Coot Island suddenly and clearly, saw a wave break high on its sandy face, and then he realised that the breakwater had disappeared. There was only wild water as far as he could see; the breakwater was entirely submerged. He might be close on it.

The starter labored frantically, inadequately, and still the cylinders would not fire. This was no line storm. Brad had never encountered such a wind before. Last night there had been reports of a hurricane far south, approaching Cape Hatteras at four miles an hour. This could not be the hurricane so soon, but he knew it was, and he was caught in the heart of it, dragging anchor on a lee shore.

. . . .

In a great counter-clockwise swing around its eye, the hurricane loosed its fury now from the north-east. It built up huge seas in the middle of Long Island Sound. It whipped at moored boats sawing at their cables and sent tongues of water snatching at the shore.

From the shelter of the porch Pierre saw a great tree go down, toppling ponderously and lifting whole a mighty clod of spongy earth, and the cracking of brittle oak branches was as crisp as gunfire in the wind.

Pierre moved to the edge of the porch with his arm around a white Doric column. He had helped Joe Burns, the gardener and handy man, stack the porch furniture against the wall, and he had passed nails to Joe as he hammered boards across the large, oblong windows facing the harbor. Dad-dee had come down in bathing-trunks and was helping Joe now, but Maman was still in bed.

An unnatural darkness was spread across the harbor, and leaves and small branches hurtled through the air, but Pierre was sheltered by the house and hardly felt the wind. He could not see his boat from the porch, and wondered how it was riding out the storm. He slipped away from the house and ran across the grass towards the wall.

The wind snatched his breath away, as he stood looking round at the hurricane's devastation. His boat was swamped; he saw the bow lift a little and plunge heavily into a wave. The floating dock was gone, and he looked out and saw it riding sluggishly out past the channel markers.

Continuing . . . . **Death In The Wind**

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Here against the sea wall the seas were not heavy, because the great wind was blowing offshore, but water sloshed restlessly among the boulders down below. Pierre looked down.

He saw bright yellow and cried out, "Maman!"

She lay among the rocks, head down, and swelling water lifted the yellow scarf, receded and left it a bright rag on the rocks.

Pierre turned away, screaming, "Joe! Dad-dee!" And from the house Porter Bellows came to meet him, at first slowly, alertly; then at a run, with his horn-rimmed glasses reflecting a dark light like steel discs.

"Peter, go in the house!" Porter Bellows shouted. "Peter, get out of this wind!"

Maman had not moved as the water washed over her, and Pierre knew that she was very badly hurt. Fear blocked his thoughts as he ran into the house and up the stairs to his room.

The memory came to him of the little duck that he had fed, that had stayed over the winter and through the next summer. A hunter squatted in the marsh on a grey November day had shot the duck sitting in the water, and Pierre remembered now the stain on its downy, speckled breast and its twisted head and limp neck.

A voice came up the stairwell, low and urgent, and Pierre opened the door a crack. Porter Bellows was talking on the telephone, and above the creaking of the house and the gusty crescendo of the wind Pierre heard him say, "I've called the doctor, but it's no use, Paula. A big tree blew down and carried her over the wall on to those rocks twenty feet below. Can you come and look after Peter? He needs you."

"When you said that nothing was too good for me, I sort of interpreted it differently."

Pierre knew what death was. His mother was dead and his father was dead, but they had never been real to him. When he had thought of death he had thought of the duck that had fed from his hand, but now he thought of a yellow scarf like a limp wet rag on the rock.

The wind rattled the windows of his room and he felt frightened and alone, but he was accustomed to being alone in this room. Little boys should make no noise before ten o'clock in the morning, Maman said. On nice days he would go and find Joe Burns and help him with whatever work he was doing about the grounds, but today Joe was out there in the wind.

Joe could help him when he was lonely. Joe lived over there across the harbor on Steamship Point near where Uncle Alex was building so many houses, but Joe's house was old and weather-worn and not new and square and bright-colored with concrete foundations, like the houses Uncle Alex was building. Maman said they must be mixing that concrete with gold dust instead of cement. Maman said that was all right, except that the gold dust Uncle Alex was using belonged to her.

Pierre pulled open the top drawer of his bureau, slid his fingers under the lining of slick paper, and drew out a photograph hidden there.

One day Pierre had heard Maman talking to Dad-dee, and she had said, "This strange little man just walked in off the street and said he was Pierre's uncle. What he wants is money, but he'll get no money out of me."

"Did he have any kind of proof?" Dad-dee had asked.

"Just a photograph. He said it was Pierre's father and mother, and I tore it up and threw it in the wastebasket, but he laughed and said he had another, and he said he could get other proof. I told him I didn't care to see it. I told him to get out."

Later Pierre had found the photograph torn in two pieces in the wastebasket by Maman's desk, and he had carried it to his room and pasted it together on a strip of cardboard taken from a laundered shirt and cut to size.

Perhaps it was his father and mother in the photograph; he hoped it was. He had not asked Maman about it, because he knew she would be angry if she found out he had taken the photograph.

But he had followed her up the stairs after breakfast the next day, to the room she called her office, and had stood by her side as she sat at her big desk writing a letter and had murmured, "Maman, do I have an uncle from France?"

"Now why do you ask a question like that?" she had said. "What if you do and what if you don't? Aren't you happy here, Pierre?"

"Yes, very happy, Maman."

"Then stay happy," she had said. "Now go away and please don't bother me. And in the future, Pierre, remember that little boys shouldn't eavesdrop."

Pierre sat on the bed, holding the photograph in both his hands. It showed a man and woman against the background of a painted forest, and the man wore the uniform of a soldier of France. The woman had blond braids and a smile that dimpled, and the man had a moustache and dark eyes that stared at the camera. They sat close together on a bench, and he could tell that they never quarrelled, like Maman and Papa.

Last night he had seen them quarrelling, and Maman had not come up to say good-night. Maman had been angry, and whenever she was angry she did not say good-night.

When she was angry she sometimes said, "Haven't you any gratitude at all, Pierre? Don't you appreciate what I've done for you?"

Sunlight came into the room and no longer was there the sound of wind. The storm was over as unexpectedly as it had come. He put the photograph away in the drawer and opened the door, and as he went down the stairs he thought of Papa, who had sailed out last night into the storm. If a boat was caught in a storm, it went to Coot Island.

As he went out on the porch he heard voices and saw Paula and Uncle Alex there talking to Dad-dee.

Uncle Alex called, "Hi, Pierre," and Paula spoke Pierre's name softly, but as she moved towards him he shook his head and ran across the lawn to the concrete lookout where Dad-dee's telescope was mounted. He pulled up a metal chair to stand on, and swung the telescope on its swivel towards Coot Island.

He was motionless, concentrated on the wilderness of water, with his thin fingers enclosing the brass stem of the

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If you are the woman in his life...*Watch his Hair!*

Like most men, he probably takes his hair for granted and accepts the view that nothing can be done about it when it starts getting thin. As a woman you know that unhealthy hair is not an inevitable condition of advancing years; you know that to be healthy and to grow vigorously every living thing needs proper nourishment and care. The hair depends for its growth upon a regular and perfectly balanced supply of 18 organic foods (amino-acids) normally carried to the hair roots by tiny blood vessels in the scalp; but this natural supply is often upset or reduced through worry, over-work, ill-health and other causes, and as a result the hair becomes dull, lifeless and brittle and finally begins to fall out — dead from starvation.

Can you protect his hair? Yes; *by assisting nature from outside the body.* Silvikrin, and *only* Silvikrin can take over where nature has failed; for Silvikrin contains in an organic solution all the hair-forming amino-acids (including tryptophane, leucine, and methionine) which nature itself provides to grow hair. Massaged regularly into the scalp, Pure Silvikrin feeds the hair roots with their *natural* food. Watch for warning signs; they are plain to see — dandruff, dry or greasy scalp, excessive hair coming out on the brush or comb. Start him using the Silvikrin products right away.

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PURE SILVIKRIN. For use in severe cases of falling hair, dandruff, greasy scalp — for the treatment of serious hair root deficiencies — *Pure Silvikrin*, a highly concentrated form of *the hair's natural food* and the foundation of the whole Silvikrin method.

SILVIKRIN TONIC HAIR DRESSING — FOR DAILY GROOMING. Specially prepared to be the ideal dressing for handsome, healthy hair. Contains (a) just enough oil to keep the hair handsome and neatly groomed all day, and (b) a measured quantity of *Pure Silvikrin* — so it is truly a *tonic* hair dressing.

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THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

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"What is this lovely stuff?" *asked Alice.*

"BNS Nylon, silly", cried the Queen, "the BEST and most PRACTICAL, the height of FASHION too!"

"I don't know much about Nylon," murmured Alice.

"Nonsense, fetch my whole wardrobe," screamed the Queen to nobody in particular.

A small Wardrobe Trunk stepped forward.

"It is a very small Royal Wardrobe Trunk," said Alice doubtfully.

"Big enough," the Queen roared—"nylon takes so little room."

"Are ALL these things nylon?" gasped Alice.

"Certainly," snapped the Queen, "and the King wears nylon too."

"You are lucky, can I have some?" asked Alice politely.

"It's all MINE here—buy your own," said the Queen greedily,

"but where you come from, look for branded goods made from BNS nylon."

With that the Queen disappeared

in a cloud of delectable dependable

uncrushable unshrinkable indestructible

irresistible no-need-to-pressable

B.N.S. nylon

B Nylon S

One of a series of advertisements dealing with the practical advantages of Nylon merchandise. Inserted by British Nylon Spinners, Pontypool, Monmouthshire, the suppliers of Nylon yarn and Nylon staple fibre to textile manufacturers in Australia.

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Death In The Wind

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telescope, when Paula came up behind him and said gently, "We had a dreadful time getting here. The causeway road was partly under water and there are trees down all over the place. Alex wouldn't let me come alone, but I had to see you, so he drove me here."

She put her arm around him, but his shoulders stiffened. She murmured, "It was a terrible storm, wasn't it? It was a hurricane."

"I know," he said.

"Sometimes nature is very cruel," she said. "See how the waves have pounded Uncle Alex's houses over there on Steamship Point? I'm afraid Joe Burns' house was hit, too. It's that way all along the shore. There's been a great deal of damage. Everyone has suffered."

Paula blinked her eyes very rapidly. "Do you know why I came here through the storm, Pierre? It was to take you home with me for a visit. We could have a regular feast of backgammon, you and I. Would you like that?"

"Oh, yes," he said.

"You've never spent the night in my house, you know," she said. "We have a room that's just perfect for you, and my father is a pretty good backgammon player, too. You'll come, won't you?"

Pierre nodded and gazed off into the haze, his eyes searching for the shape of Coot Island. Paula's father was a very nice man, he knew. His heart did not tick correctly, and that was why Paula had taken over his affairs. He sat always in a room he called his den, with a big fish in it that he had caught himself, and he made much money playing cards.

Pierre had heard Maman ask Dad-dee, "How much did Horace Trent take you for last night?" and he had heard Maman say, "Why should he go to work when he can make a living playing poker?" She said it sometimes in the voice she used when she talked about Papa.

"He never thinks about anybody but himself," she had said about Papa. "He doesn't care whether you live or die."

He put his eye again to the eyepiece.

"See anything," Paula asked.

He looked up. "One boat I saw, but I could not tell if it had one mast or two . A yawl has two masts—one little one at the stern."

"Don't worry about your father," Paula said. "He landed with the troops on D-Day. He went through the bad winter with the marines in Korea. What is a puny local disturbance of the weather to him?"

"I know he is very brave," Pierre said. "He is all alone there in his boat. I saw him sail away last night."

"You saw him, Pierre?"

"Yes, he came to see Maman last night."

"What did you say, Peter?" Porter Bellows' voice cracked like a whip, and Pierre spun about.

"Was he here last night?" Porter demanded. "Was Bradley Davis here last night?"

"What if he was?" Paula asked sharply. "Porter, what's the matter?"

"Doctor Green says Ruth wasn't killed when that tree fell," Porter said harshly. "She had been dead for hours when the storm struck, he said . . . Peter, you said your father was here last night?"

Pierre remembered the rectangle of pale light his window had cast on the lawn in the night, and Papa catching Maman's arm and pulling her off into the darkness, and Maman struggling and hitting out, and he sucked in his breath and said, "I saw them fighting last night over there by the wall."

Paula made a low, moaning noise in her throat, and Porter said tonelessly, "Paula, I wish you'd get the boy away from here. It's time I called the police."

Pierre thought again of the yellow scarf. The memory came back with a terrible pull at his stomach and the air he sucked into his lungs seemed hot and stifling. He twisted away from Paula. A wild emotion that had somewhere a terrible ache in it surged up in him and he jumped up on the chair and put his eye again to the telescope.

At that moment a gust of wind swept, sudden and violent, out of the west, whistling across the harbor, bowing the tall heads of the white oaks. In an instant the water of the harbor, swelled by the abnormal tide, was crashing against the sea wall; in an instant the storm had returned more fiercely than before, beating down on the house from another quarter, and in the telescope the waves leaped up and covered everything.

But Pierre had caught a glimpse of a small black hull lifted by a wave and the spars of a yawl wildly tossing, and clearly in the cockpit he had made out the figure of a man.

He raised his head, met Paula's eyes and cried wildly, with a sort of anger, "He will sink now, Paula! He will drown!"

"You don't mean that, Pierre," she said, and gently stroked his head. "He's your father and you love him."

"He's not my father," Pierre said, but his voice was choked and a strangling sob constricted his throat.

"For heaven's sake, little boy, cry!" Paula said. "Darling, put your head here on my shoulder and cry!"

. . . . . .

The yawl had taken much water and was heavy on the anchor; when she rolled, the starboard rail went under and the seas raked her, fore to aft. The motor was dead and Brad was at the mercy of the wind.

The first phase of the hurricane had been a nerve-shattering experience. The yawl had dragged anchor the whole length of the breakwater, never less than fifty yards from the great granite blocks submerged under churning white water. She had come to rest a hundred yards west of the flasher on the end of the breakwater when the wind stopped, and now here was the south-west quadrant of the hurricane, and the great wind was blowing her back again towards the breakwater.

The wind came in mighty gusts that lifted the tops of the waves and blew stinging needles of spray. Soon the keel would strike, and he could only wait until the moment of emergency. The stern lifted high and plunged sickeningly as a wave rushed over the yawl. Brad held on until the tug of water had stopped; then he took hold of the mizzenmast with both hands, balanced precariously. He had seen the rocks very close.

He felt the deck lift under him and plunge downward, and at the moment of impact he felt a great shudder and heard a sharp cracking sound.

As the yawl canted over and another wave rushed over it, Brad bent his knees and jumped far out with a thrust of all his strength that started at his shoulders and flowed in a co-ordinated current to the balls of his feet. He shot out from the stern and was caught and borne on by a mass of water.

He felt pain as his leg struck rock, felt himself twisted and whirled over as the wave enveloped him and carried him forward. He kicked hard and his head came up long enough for him to suck in air and a choking mouthful of water; then he was under again, still kicking hard. He struck no rock this time, and as he came up again he knew that he had been carried over and beyond the breakwater.

The buoyance of his lifejacket lifted him with a wave, and when the crest broke over him and passed on, he could breathe again.

Here on the lee side of the breakwater, although the rocks were altogether submerged, there was some protection, but he bobbed and twisted and was spun around by the pressure of the sea. He had not seen the yawl again since he had jumped.

He had a glimpse of the high face of Coot Island, where wild surf towered monstrously high in the grey air, white and violent and with a rumbling voice audible above the whistling of the wind.

There was land ahead, and security, if he could fight his way through the surf, but he knew the beach was rocky and the land was a high bluff against which giant waves broke. He was safe floating here in this chaos of water, but whether he liked it or not, he was being carried into the surf.

A wave broke over him, spinning him around. His shoulder scraped rock, then struck jarringly, and somehow he was on his feet, solidly on his feet and striding forward. Not twenty feet ahead of him was the sandy bluff of the island, but the water was more than waist deep and pulling him back.

He shoved with all his strength. Before the next gust he must make his way past yards of rocks and blinding water intervened.

The seas surged and receded, trying to suck him back into their turbulence, but he held on and pushed forward. He heard the rising sound of the wind as he scrambled over a boulder that for a moment was out of water. On top he found a purchase and leaped out as far as he could, into waist-deep water, and then he saw a huge wave coming. He was lifted again and thrown forward, but he got his feet ahead of him, found solid rock, and braced against it.

As the wave fell back, he compensated, pushing the other way with all the strength of his legs, thrashing with his arms for balance. The wave fell away, and there ahead of him was a slope of grassy bank. He stumbled through water knee-deep, then ankle-deep, then he was running on spongy earth up the bank. He fell, prone and gasping, on the ground. He was safe. He had survived.

After a time he made his way up the bank. He was very tired and his thighs ached from the effort of climbing, but the great wind behind him pushed him on and at the top of the bank nearly blew him to the ground. He ran on, looking for shelter on the other side of the small island.

There was a stack of lobster pots that had been blown and scattered by the wind, and nearby a small shack without windows. He got to the lee of it and was out of the wind.

This shack would hold. It was built snugly in a niched depression, and although it might lose its roof, the main body of it was protected from the hurricane. The door was closed and fastened with a rusty padlock. He smashed it with a rock and opened the door.

There was no chair or bed, but the unpainted boards of the floor were inviting to an exhausted man, and he dropped down beside a pair of oars, with oarlocks affixed, that day lengthwise on the floor. He took off his lifejacket, folded it as a pillow, and stretched out on the floor.

He was grateful to the lobsterman, whoever he might be, who ran his string of pots with Coot Island as a base. He moved his tongue about his dry mouth. He had swallowed a great deal of salt water and his mouth and throat were dry and stinging; his tongue felt swollen. He got up and looked hopefully about the shack. He found a ten-gallon can of gasoline, but nothing to drink.

He could endure this thirst, he thought, as he lay down again. He was a lucky man. He had a bad cut on his right leg below the knee, and there were scratches and abrasions over most of his body, but he was all right. He was alive and only superficially hurt. He had no idea what time it was or how long the wind had been blowing.

Everything had gone with the yawl, except the clothes he wore—white duck pants, a French sailor's maillot, and one espadrille. Somehow the other sandal had come loose in the storm; one foot was bare and cold. He closed his eyes and tried to forget his thirst.

He managed to doze, and was awakened by the great booming of an aeroplane's motors. He sprang up and ran to the door, but the plane had already swept over the island and was proceeding eastward, flying low.

There was hardly any wind now. The hurricane had moved on. Definitely the seas had quieted, but there remained a great turbulence of water. He

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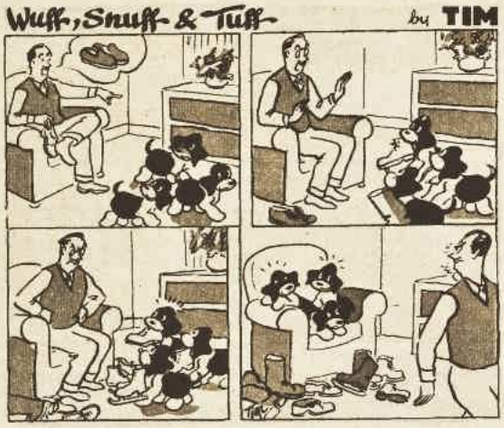
FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by **TIM**



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Continuing . . . .

Death In The Wind

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went down to the beach on the north side of the island. The tide had fallen a great deal, judging from the line of debris cast up on the sand.

In a clump of grass something glistened white — a dinghy. He walked over to it, thinking that it might be the dinghy from his yawl, but it was not. The dinghy was in fair shape. The wood was scarred and scraped and the bow dented, but the bottom seemed to be sound. If no relief came he could row ashore, he decided, and again was grateful to the lobsterman who had left a pair of oars in his shack.

Slowly the haze was lifting and he made out the dark shore line and lighter patches that were houses, but the sun was low and already the light was failing. He watched the sun set, watched the veil of twilight deepen; then he went back to the shack. He sat in darkness for a long time, until the moon rose heavily in the east. He supposed it was about nine o'clock at night, and once again he went down to the beach.

His tongue felt huge in his mouth, and ached for water, and as he listened he decided that the seas had calmed a great deal; a dinghy might make it now.

He returned to the shack without haste and got the oars. By the time he had the dinghy launched the moon had brightened and he could see the great expanse of water, with not a whitecap showing. He put one foot in the dinghy and shoved off. The dinghy rode well, high on the swells, but the exercise made his thirst worse and he held his tongue lightly between his teeth, gently pressing.

The swell had increased, and ahead he heard the pounding of water on the beach. He rested on the oars and listened. It was a low, rhythmic sound, and, as he judged it by ear, it did not indicate dangerous surf. He rowed on cautiously under the pale moon and saw white water on the beach. The dinghy surged under him and he pulled hard on the oars, bringing it in on a wave, and as the wave broke he jumped overboard.

He landed in water waist-deep, caught the dinghy, and pulled it with him toward shore. He drew it far up on the beach, above the tide line.

In the moonlight he made out the shapes of cottages, built cheek by jowl on both sides of a road, with the dark flats of marshland beyond. No lights showed anywhere; obviously this area had been evacuated. The first cottage he reached had been washed from its foundations and canted on one side. He moved on, stumbling over driftwood, to the next shadow looming in the moonlight.

The porch roof had been blown away and the front door battered in. He moved inside and groped his way to the rear. Faucets gleamed faintly in the kitchen. He turned on the right-hand faucet and heard the rush of water. He bent his head and at last he drank, at first little sips to wash his mouth, then small swallows, then great gulps of water.

He found a box of matches on a shelf and lit one. The seas had rushed through this cottage and he saw a water mark on the wall three feet above the floor. Lighting a second match, he went into the room facing the sea, where furniture was broken and piled against the walls. The telephone lay on the floor with the receiver disengaged. He picked it up and heard no sound; telephone wires were down.

He was very tired, and he thought that on this dark night power lines would be down and roads blocked. With one foot bare he hesitated to stumble off into the night. He struck another match and investigated the icebox. There was a quart of milk and some packaged cheese and bread wrapped in waxed paper. He ate ravenously and drank all the milk; then, by the light of another match, he made his way up the stairs.

He found a rear bedroom untouched by the storm, stretched himself out on the bed and drew a blanket over him. He had been keyed up all that day. Now he was chilled and exhausted, and he collapsed into sleep.

. . . . . .

With no electricity the radio would not work, and after breakfast Horace Trent went out to the garage to listen to the news on the car radio. The morning news was as important to her father as his cup of breakfast coffee, Paula thought.

It was just as well there was no radio for Pierre to hear, she reflected. Last night the boy had been unable to sleep. Whatever Ruth's shortcomings may have been, Pierre had needed her, had clung to her and had tried to find in her the love and guidance he needed.

Now the boy was finishing the last of his cereal, sitting very correctly, as he always did at the table, with his shoulders straight and one hand in his lap.

He looked across at her and asked, "Paula, may I go home this morning?"

"But we were planning for you to stay here with us for a few days, Pierre," she said.

"I want to get my bike," he said, "and my new rod and reel."

Paula's lips tightened as she recalled that Bradley Davis had given the fishing-rod to the boy. After the storm yesterday, Pierre had stood a long time at the telescope, studying Coot Island, and now he wanted the fishing-rod his father had brought him.

It was too much for a small boy to absorb, she thought. His father was missing and his mother had been murdered. Someone had gone to the house on the point with murder in his heart, and strangled her and thrown her from the high wall down upon the rocks. There had been strangulation marks on her neck, the medical examiner had said.

It was murder, and Lieutenant Gray had gazed off at Coot Island and observed, "Whoever gets custody of the boy gets custody of about a million bucks." Porter Bellows would probably be that man.

There had been rumors, naturally, that he had married Ruth for her money, but Paula had never doubted that he was in love with Ruth. She had known him for two years, since she had first taken over her father's real-estate business.

In his frequent trips out from his office in Hartford he had often stopped to consult her because through her real-estate dealings she was informed of new arrivals in town who might be potential investors, and it was she who had suggested Ruth. Through revising Ruth's portfolio of securities, he had got to know her well.

"That guy is a slick article," Alex Fawcett had said at the wedding reception; "a real slick article."

"Still jealous, Alex?" she had asked lightly.

Unexpectedly, he had been angry. "That's a rotten thing to say," he had said, and had stalked away for more champagne.

And it had been, she thought now. Before Ruth returned to Menasset, Alex had been attentive to Paula—it had begun a couple of years ago, when she had taken the commission right from under his nose in the sale of the Quentin property, when he had shaken his head wryly but admiringly, and said, "I should have remembered you were Horace Trent's daughter. Say, I've got a couple of tickets to an opening in New Haven. Care to go?"

She had never been serious about Alex Fawcett, but she had been unable to resist that gibe at the wedding, and it had demonstrated her own pique. Ruth had returned to Menasset, divorced, and for two weeks Alex had not telephoned, and Paula had heard the gossips recalling that Alex had got very drunk at her wedding, when she married Bradley Davis.

Her father was calling from his den, and she found him at his desk. Even in inactivity he had kept his weight down and his face was lean and angular, with bushy eyebrows and wise grey eyes.

"I listened to the news," he told her. "They found no sign of life on Coot Island. The Coast Guard is making a search of the area, but there doesn't seem to be much hope. His yawl was smashed against the breakwater and sank quite a distance from the island. What are we going to tell Pierre?"

"We can't tell him anything yet, Dad," she said. "We can just keep him busy. I'm driving him home to get his bicycle, and then I thought we might see how bad the damage is at Oak Beach."

"We'll have a big repair bill," he said. "But at least we're better off than Alex Fawcett. He sank a lot of money in those cottages out at Steamship Point. I guess I shouldn't begrudge him those few dollars he won in the poker game Monday night."

She studied his angular face and asked, "Why don't you like Alex?"

"He's too healthy, that's the trouble with Alex," Horace Trent said. "Also, he's too greedy. He's a bad winner. He gets a shine in his eye every time he rakes in a pot that makes you ashamed of the human race. He got there two hours late and won all the money Monday night. I prefer a man like Porter Bellows, who never has the bad taste to win in the first place."

"I assume he lost like a gentleman Monday night?"

"He did." Horace Trent said, and glanced up. "Also, he got there on time for the game. Eight-thirty sharp. He picked a good night for it, didn't he? Ruth was killed around nine o'clock, the radio said."

"Porter worshipped Ruth and you know it," Paula said. "What else did the radio say?"

"You can put a wealth of expression into the word meanwhile," he said. "The radio reported Ruth's death, and then went on to say that meanwhile police were conducting a search for Mr. Bradley Davis, the well-known correspondent and her ex-husband, who had last been seen, et cetera——"

"Poor Pierre," Paula said. "That poor kid."

She turned abruptly away to look for the boy. He was waiting on the front porch, and in

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Death In The Wind

Continuing . . . .

from page 54

the sunlight the shady street seemed tranquil and untouched by the storm.

The house, which had the sturdy box shape of saltbox construction, had lost only a few shingles, but Paula had not driven two blocks with Pierre before they came upon the first fallen tree, and when they reached the causeway road across the marshes the harbor came to view far on the right and she saw many boats blown far up on a salt meadow.

The town dock was almost demolished, but the Fisherman's Bar appeared to be intact, which she thought would be good news for Alex Fawcett. She should not be critical because he frequented the place, she knew; he was a gregarious man and liked varied company, and the Fisherman's Bar could definitely provide it—fishermen, yachtsmen, lobstermen, and even, on occasion, a lonely widow.

Alex had taken pains to explain about the widow, a rather voluptuous redhead who had rented one of Horace Trent's cottages on Oak Beach. Her name was Muriel Parker and she had come down to the shore to relax and enjoy a tidy bundle that her husband's insurance had paid her. Alex had said that she went to the Fisherman's Bar because it was a likely place for an attractive widow to meet yachtsmen off their boats.

She was in a critical mood today, Paula thought, and it was due to shock and worry. If Alex paid a little attention to the widow, it was all the same to her.

The causeway road entered a grove of trees and forked. One fork led to the beach area, the other to Fawcett Point. She took the right-hand fork, followed it for a few hundred yards, and turned in between stone entrance gateposts.

There was a car parked in the circular driveway that had the letters ALEX besides two serial numbers on its licence plate, and as she got out of the car she saw Alex Fawcett step out from behind the tangle of roots of the tree that had been uprooted. Joe Burns, the gardener, was out on the great trunk, sawing off a limb.

Alex called a greeting to Pierre in a gentle, friendly voice, and the boy said, "We came to get my bike and fishing-rod."

"I saw that rod," Alex said. "She's a beauty. Tried her out yet, Pierre?"

"Not yet, Uncle Alex."

"Then it's about time you did," Alex said. "Why don't we go down there on the beach and make a few casts? I'll teach you the knack of it." He turned to Paula. "I came to see Porter, but he's not around. Nobody here, not even the cook. O.K. if Pierre and I try out his rod?"

"Fine," she said. "I was just going to Oak Beach to see what the damage is, but I don't think Pierre cares about that." She added sympathetically, "You were awfully hard hit over at Steamship Point, weren't you?"

"I don't like to think about it," he said, but stared across the harbor towards Steamship Point, where he had been laying out his beach community. "Tell you what, I'll teach the kid to cast, and later I'll drive him and his bike to your house. How is that?"

"I'd appreciate it," Paula said. She got into her convertible and drove away.

The road skirted a bluff and entered a grove of oaks, on a knoll that rose out of marshland. Several trees had gone down here and the utility wires hung like jungle vines. The road was partly blocked by a fallen tree, where an electric-company crew was working. A man in an orange safety-helmet waved her on, then grinned and changed the wave to a salutation.

Paula stopped the car and said, "Mort, what are you doing in Menasset?"

"I've got a summer job with the light company, Paula, filling in until I take a teaching post in a private school this autumn. How did you make out in the hurricane?"

"I'm on my way to Oak Ridge to find out."

Mort Brewster had a lean, ascetic face and gentle grey eyes under thick, black eyebrows; the safety-helmet and working clothes seemed incongruous on this man who had his master's degree from Yale. He lowered his voice. "That was bad news about Ruth Bellows. How is Pierre taking it?"

"Bottled up," she said.

He nodded. "That's always been his trouble. I used to tell Ruth to let up on him a little. The kid needs love, not discipline. Well," he said, with a shake of his head, "I got fired for my trouble. She didn't like any kind of interference."

A car behind Paula sounded its horn, and Mort said, as he waved her on, "Tell Pierre I said hello. I went out to the

"Don't bother me, son —can't you see I'm in conference?"

point before work this morning to see him, but there was nobody around."

"I'll tell him," she said, and drove on.

Mort Brewster had tutored Pierre while he was working for his master's at Yale. He had been fired for interfering, he had just said, but Paula had heard a different story. Mort was difficult, Ruth had said. Mort had developed romantic notions in the rather intense way of seriously, unworldly young men towards older women, and Porter had been jealous because Mort was there in the house every day.

That was before they were married, of course, when Alex and Porter had both been in the running.

The road entered abruptly upon Oak Beach. Horace Trent owned four cottages in a row, and Paula's first glance showed that one of them had been washed from its foundations and severely damaged, but the three others at least were standing where the contractors had built them. The cottage the widow occupied seemed practically unhurt.

Paul stopped the blue convertible at the door of the grey cottage adjoining the widow's. An ornamental board above the door bore the name Thalassa, which derived from Horace Trent's scholarship, and was the word shouted back from man to man by Xenophon's ten thousand as at last they reached the sea.

As she got out of the car, a Coast Guard helicopter flew by a hundred yards off the beach. It was searching for the body of Bradley Davis, she thought as she pushed open the door, and then she stopped short, her mouth open, her eyes round and startled.

The yawning man in the kitchen had not shaved in two days. His duck pants were ripped and torn and his maillot was grimy. There was an espadrille on one foot, but the other foot was bare and veined with scratches.

He smiled at her and said, "Hi, Paula."

"Bradley Davis?" she said in a tone of wonder. "Thank God you're alive!"

"Am I supposed to be dead?"

"It was on the radio," she said. "They didn't give you even an outside chance."

"I'm very much alive," he said. "But for a while it was a toss-up. Is Pierre all right?"

"He's all right," she said. "He slept at my house last night. You hear that noise? It's a helicopter looking for your body." Her eyes searched his face. "You know about Ruth?"

"What about Ruth?"

"She was killed."

The lines seemed to deepen in his haggard face, and after a moment he asked, "How?"

"A big tree went down and she was found at the foot of the sea wall with a fractured skull," Paula said.

He had still been in love with her, she thought as she saw the shock on his face. Whatever her faults, Ruth had had the capacity to stir strong emotion in men—in Bradley Davis, in Alex, in Porter Bellows, in Mort Brewster.

Paula hesitated a long moment and said, "The police say she was strangled and pushed off the wall."

"You mean murdered?"

"Around nine o'clock Monday night," Paula said evenly. "I think you ought to know that Pierre saw you there that night. He said he saw you and Ruth fighting over by the wall."

"Fighting?" he said. "We had a clash, but it was verbal. Bitter words, that's all." He frowned. "Well, I did catch hold of her arm. She was walking away and I stopped her to say one more word. She slapped me." He met her eyes and his own opened wider.

"Oh, look here; it all happened long before nine o'clock. I started out there soon after sunset. It was closer to eight o'clock than nine when I was there. Pierre was still up, and his bedtime is eight-thirty."

She sighed softly. She believed him, and felt relief. She murmured, "I've been terribly worried because of Pierre. He lost his mother, and we were afraid that you had been drowned, and even if you hadn't—— Well, that's all right now."

"I want to see Pierre," Brad said. "He's at your house, you said. Can you take me there?"

"Just now he's out at the point, learning to cast with the rod you gave him," she said. "But I ought to warn you, Mr. Davis, that Pierre is very deeply upset, and he did see you quarrelling with Ruth, remember."

"I've got to see Pierre," Brad said. "I've got to talk to him."

"I'll get him," Paula said. "I'll bring him here."

She turned quickly to the door and left him leaning against the sink in the kitchen, his head bent.

The widow was on the porch of the cottage next door and called to Paula as she opened the door of her car. Her red hair was bound up in a scarf and she had a broom in her hand. She said in a low-pitched voice strong in volume, "Things took a real beating down here, didn't they?"

Paula nodded. "Were you here in the hurricane?"

"No, I got out, and I spent the night last night at the Menasset Manor. I guess this is tough luck for you, Miss Trent."

"Oh, well," Paula said, "we'll just have to gouge you summer people a little more to make up for it."

Muriel Parker laughed throatily. "And that's no joke," she said.

"Speaking seriously, then," Paula said, "we'll refund the advance rent you've paid, Mrs. Parker, and we're sorry for the inconvenience."

"Forget the refund," the widow said. "A little old hurricane doesn't bother me. The cottage is still standing, isn't it? I'm moving back in to stay."

"Good for you," Paula said.

She turned the car around and drove back along the beach road. When she reached the house on Fawcett Point she saw that Alex's car was still parked in the driveway, and she walked across the lawn to the sea wall. A hundred yards away, Pierre was sitting on the beach working over a bird's nest of snarled line on his reel, but Alex was not in sight.

As she started down the concrete steps, Joe Burns called to her, "Say, Miss Trent."

She looked up from the foot of the wall. He was out over the water, straddling the great trunk of the fallen tree. "There's something shiny down there in the water," he said.

"I'll take a look," she said, and made her way along the concrete base of the wall.

It was half tide, and rocks slick and dark with seaweed were exposed.

Joe Burns called down from the tree above. "If you step out on that flat rock you can reach it, maybe."

Paula moved on to a flat, bluish rock and saw a shining object like a gold coin half hidden by a budlike strand of seaweed. She got down on her knees, reached far out and picked it up. She knew from its weight that it was no coin. It was a watch, a gold wristwatch, with a strap torn loose at one end—a man's watch, and the hands said four minutes past nine. She turned it over and the engraved initials, "B. D.," leaped out at her and the date, "October 17, 1951."

"What is it?" Joe Burns called down.

She closed her fingers on the watch and looked off towards the beach, where Pierre was still intent on his snarled line, then she asked without looking up at Joe Burns. "Where was it that that Mrs. Bellows was found?"

"Just about where you're standing, Miss Trent." As she stepped quickly off the flat rock, he asked, "What is that thing?"

"Nothing important," she said. "Just a bottle cap."

"It looked kind of goldy for a bottle cap," Joe said. "Sorry I troubled you."

Paula went back up the steps and hesitated there. No, she would not take Pierre to see his father, she thought.

She opened her fingers and looked again at the watch that had Bradley Davis' initials engraved on the back. The hands still said 9:04. The watch had stopped at four minutes past nine, and Ruth Bellows had been killed close to nine o'clock.

She got into her car and drove to the Post Road, where she turned east toward the barracks of the State Police. She remembered Bradley Davis in his absurd striped shirt and ragged pants, with a sandal on one foot and the other foot bare, and told herself that it was unthinkable that he had killed Ruth Bellows. He was an urbane, civilised man, and surely violence was foreign to his nature.

On the right a sign appeared that said Oak Beach, and she swung the wheel over and made the right turn. She let the blue convertible coast to a stop fifty feet short of the grey cottage called Thalassa. She wanted time to think.

Coming toward her on the opposite side of the road was a highway bulldozer pushing sand from the road, and several cottage owners were about, cleaning up the debris of the hurricane.

As she hesitated, Brad came out of the grey cottage, waved, and called, "Where's Pierre?"

As he approached, she noticed that both his wrists were bare, and put the car in gear. The moment he came abreast of the car, she asked, "Did you know you lost your watch, Mr. Davis?"

"It went down with the yawl," he said. "Everything I had went down with the yawl, except the clothes I'm wearing." He smiled. "If you can call this outfit clothes."

"When's your birthday?"

"October seventeenth. Why?"

The bulldozer was close at hand, clattering on the road. She said in a slow, careful tone, "A little while ago a watch was found in the water where Ruth was killed. It was a handsome gold watch with your initials on the back and the date October 17, 1951."

"You're kidding?" he said.

She shook her head.

"It must be my watch," he said. "It was a birthday present from Ruth, but I haven't seen it in a couple of years. I lent it to Ruth, and it was never returned."

"You lent it to her?" Paula said in a tone of disbelief.

"When Ruth and Pierre were leaving for America, her watch was at the jeweller's and the man didn't have it ready on time," he said earnestly. "On the way to the boat train she was complaining about it, and I gave her my watch to carry in her bag. She promised to send it back, but she never did. If that's the watch that was found in the water, somebody put it there."

The muscles about his mouth tightened and his eyes shone angrily. "Somebody is trying to frame me," he said.

She found her voice—a small, doubtful voice, "But why should anyone try to frame you?"

"He's not framing me, exactly," Brad said. "He's framing a dead man. Don't you see? As soon as I was reported dead, he tried to prove that I killed Ruth, by planting that watch. What he did prove was that he lives in that house, that he knew where to find the watch!"

To be continued

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MADE WITHOUT *Eggs*

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert

● When eggs are scarce or expensive, the problem is to find foods with similar nutritive properties. These are foods containing fat, soluble vitamins, protein, and calcium.

IT is easy to increase the quantity of cheese and milk—most satisfactory substitute for eggs—served each day in the form of savory dishes. Generous servings of green leafy vegetables, carrots, and oranges are helpful, too.

As the recipes on this page clearly show, it is possible to make good cakes, loaves, rolls, and puddings without using eggs.

Loaves and rolls made without eggs are best eaten when freshly made. Some eggless cakes will keep moist for two or three days, especially eggless fruit cakes; puddings, of course, are eaten freshly made, whether or not they contain eggs.

Batters, steamed puddings, biscuits, teacakes, covering for crumbed cutlets, patties, and rissoles may all be prepared without eggs.

For steamed puddings, use 4 tablespoons (level) of soft, white breadcrumbs to every ¼lb. flour and omit the egg.

Instead of egg-glazing for crumbed foods, use one tablespoon (level) flour blended to a smooth, thin paste with 2 tablespoons milk.

Teacakes can be made successfully without eggs if a little extra rising is used—an extra level teaspoon of baking powder to each ¼lb. self-raising flour.

All spoon measurements in the following recipes are level.

PEANUT-BUTTER BISCUITS

Four ounces butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, ½ cup sugar, ½ cup brown sugar, ½ cup peanut butter, 1½ cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon bicarbonate soda, pinch salt.

Cream shortening with vanilla, lemon rind, sugars, and peanut butter. Work in sifted flour, soda, and salt, making a stiff dough. If too stiff to handle, a little milk may be added. Turn on to floured board, roll to ¼in. thickness. Cut with a cutter, lift on to oven tray. Brush with warmed apricot jam and sprinkle with chopped salted peanuts. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

EGGLESS FRUIT CAKE

One pound plain flour, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 teaspoons mixed spice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 6oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 8oz. sultanas, 8oz. currants, 4oz. chopped cherries, 4oz. chopped mixed peel, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate soda, ¼ pint milk, 3 tablespoons vinegar, 1½ cups dry, cooked mashed pumpkin.

Sift flour, nutmeg, spice and cinnamon three times. Rub in butter or substitute. Mix in sugar, fruit, and peel. Dissolve the bicarbonate soda in the milk. Add the vinegar, add quickly to the dry mixture and mix well. Fold in the mashed pumpkin. Place the mixture into a prepared cake-tin, approximately 8in. square or round, and bake in a moderate oven for approximately 1¾ hours. Allow to stand in tin about 15 minutes before turning carefully on to cake-cooler. Do not cut until next day.

EGGLESS CHOCOLATE ALMOND CAKE

Two tablespoons butter or substitute, 3 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 3 dessertspoons cocoa, ½ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 1¼ cups flour, 2½ teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup milk, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, warm icing, toasted coconut, almonds.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, vanilla, and syrup. Add cocoa blended smoothly with a little of the milk, then coffee essence. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with balance of milk. Bake in 7in. cake-tin in moderate oven 40 to 50 minutes. Cover with warm icing when cold, decorate sides with toasted coconut and decorate top with whole blanched almonds and chocolate icing.

DATE ROLL

One cup chopped dates, ½ cup sugar, 1¼ cups milk, 2oz. butter or substitute, ½ teaspoon spice, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons bicarbonate of soda, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 2½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Place dates, sugar, milk, and butter into a saucepan, simmer for 10 minutes. When cold add spice, cinnamon, salt, soda, vinegar, and sifted flour. Mix lightly, fill into two greased nut-roll tins and bake in moderate oven 45 minutes.

CITRUS LOAF

Three cups self-raising flour, grated rind of ½ large orange, ¾ cup shredded peel, 3 tablespoons golden syrup, 2oz. butter melted in 1 cup warm milk, pinch salt.

Sift flour and salt, add orange rind and peel. Mix to a dough with golden syrup mixed with milk. Turn into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 55 to 60 minutes. Slice and butter when cool and serve as freshly made as possible.

PEACH CARAMEL CRUNCH

Half cup plain flour, 1½ cups quick-cooking rolled oats, 2-3rd cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ cup melted butter, sliced peaches.

Combine flour, oats, sugar, cinnamon, and salt. Add butter. Press into 9in. tart-plate, reserving a good ½ cup. Arrange sliced peaches on top. Sprinkle with remaining crumbs. Bake ½ hour in moderate oven.

CHOCOLATE almond cake loses nothing in looks or flavor because it is made without eggs. Golden syrup, cocoa and coffee give the cake a delicious flavor, and toasted coconut, blanched almonds and chocolate icing improve its looks but are not essential. See recipe at left.

PEACH CARAMEL CRUNCH, a delicious eggless pudding (above, right), is made with tinned, sliced peaches, or home-cooked sliced peaches may be used. Quick-cooking rolled oats, melted butter, and brown sugar make the crunchy case and topping.

CITRUS LOAF AND DATE ROLL (shown at right) are two excellent eggless recipes. Both are best eaten as soon as they are made. The peanut-butter biscuits (shown below) will keep moist for days in an airtight tin. Recipes are given on this page.

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Make sure *all* the family enjoys Vegemite . . . on toast (for a better start in the morning), in sandwiches, in soups, stews and gravies.

Vegemite, the *pure yeast* extract, is available in 2 and 4-oz. jars, 6-oz. re-usable glasses, and the economical family-size 8 and 16-oz. jars. Made by KRAFT FOODS.

KV63

Readers' recipes

Chocolate chiffon tart, this week's prize-winning recipe, features sweet pastry with a luscious chocolate filling topped with cream.

BISCUIT pastry, made with butter or butter substitute and an egg, is used for the chocolate tart, but shortcrust, which is more enconomical and less rich, may be used instead.

All spoon measurements are level.

CHOCOLATE CHIFFON TART

Pastry: One tablespoon shortening, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 4oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter and sugar, beat in the egg. Mix to a firm dough with sifted flour and salt; turn on to floured board, roll to ¼in. thickness. Lift carefully into tart-plate, press down firmly. Decorate edge with a pinched frill. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes. Allow to cool.

CHIFFON FILLING: One cup evaporated milk, ½ cup sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine, 1 tablespoon cocoa, ¼ cup hot water, ½ teaspoon vanilla, whipped cream, chocolate.

Whip chilled evaporated milk until thick. Gradually add sugar. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, blend in cocoa and vanilla. When cool, pour into milk mixture, mix thoroughly. When beginning to thicken, pour into pastry-case, decorate with cream and grated chocolate.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. E. R. Dancer, Kooroongarra, via Millmerran, Qld.

CHOCOLATE TART, served well chilled and topped with cream and decorated with coarsely grated chocolate, is a favorite of both young and old. See prize recipe on this page.

Tony's luxury dish

CARAMEL CUSTARD

"THIS dessert is very popular on the Continent," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club.

"It is light and not excessively sweet, which makes it a good course to follow a rich main dish."

For six persons you will need:

Four cups milk, 1 cup sugar, 6 eggs, 1 teaspoon vanilla, extra ½ cup sugar for caramel.

Prepare caramel first. Place the ½ cup sugar in an unlined copper pan or heavy frying-pan and heat it, stirring constantly until it dissolves. Continue heating until it turns a light amber color and thickens. Leave standing while preparing the custard. Beat the eggs, sugar, and vanilla together for 3 minutes. Scald the milk (do not allow it to actually boil) and pour slowly on to the egg mixture, beating constantly. As the egg froth comes to the top, skim it off. Then leave standing while the mould is caramelised. Pour the caramel into the greased mould, tilt, and turn the mould so that the caramel coats the base and sides evenly. Stand the mould in a pan of boiling water and bake it in a moderate oven for 35 minutes or more, depending on the depth of the mould. Test custard to see if it is done by inserting knife blade. Unmould and serve chilled.

FAMILY DISH

A SAUSAGE meat and tomato mixture, cooked with a savory scone topping and served upside down, makes this week's family dish. It costs about 4/6 and serves four.

SAUSAGE AND TOMATO WEDGES

One pound pork sausages, ½ cup chopped tomatoes (skins removed), 1 extra tomato (sliced), 1 onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped shallot, 4 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, 1½ cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, ½ cup milk.

Remove skins from sausages, place in saucepan with chopped tomatoes, half the onion finely chopped, shallot, flour, salt and pepper. Cook over medium heat, stirring frequently until meat changes color, 5 to 10 minutes. Arrange sliced tomato and remaining onion (sliced) over base of greased eight-inch cake-tin. Season with salt and pepper and cover with meat mixture. Sift self-raising flour with pinch salt. Add grated onion and cheese. Mix to scone dough with milk. Knead slightly on floured board. Press out to fit cake-tin and place on top of meat. Bake in hot oven 15 to 20 minutes. Turn upside down on to heated serving-dish, and serve cut into large wedges.

Can your baby get scurvy?

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

MOST people think that children these days are perfectly safe from scurvy, the disease caused by lack of vitamin C. However, I have seen toddlers with very marked symptoms of scurvy, and I recently heard a doctor say he had three quite severe cases of it among infants.

The signs of infantile scurvy are a preliminary period of fretfulness and a refusal to take food. It is then noticed that the baby bruises easily, and is very tender to the touch, especially at the joints. The gums are swollen and spongy, and bleed when touched.

Treatment is careful handling, making sure that there is no pressure from clothes or bedclothes. Liberal quantities of orange juice and other fresh fruit and vegetable juices, with raw salad foods for the toddler, should be introduced into the diet.

The doctor will probably advise anti-scorbutic acid or other concentrated vitamin C preparations to hasten the cure.

When oranges are scarce or very expensive, replace them with other vitamin C fruit or vegetable juices — tomato juice, lemon or grapefruit juice, grated raw carrot or swede and turnip juices, or the juices of other fresh fruits in season.

Bottle-fed babies are more likely to get scurvy, and it is often between eight and 12 months that signs of it are noticed.

Detailed advice on food values and for a balanced diet from six months to five years is given in my book, "You and Your Baby." This is obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, or from any bookshop or newsagent. Price 12/6, postage 9d. (registered post 1/6). Please print name and address clearly when ordering.

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Sunshine powdered milk gives you all these benefits

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HOMOGENISED—so that every drop gets its full share of creamy richness

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"I want Sunshine because

it's made from pure, rich, country milk . . . and it's *full-cream* milk. (I *don't* want a skim milk powder . . . for I'm sure my family needs the nutrition of full-cream milk!)

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with Sunshine on hand, I never run out of milk. And it's so convenient to use for all my milk foods, mixing it straight from the tin.

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it's as good as "a milk bar in my kitchen." My children love flavoured milk drinks made from Sunshine—and it's safer than ordinary milk.

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it's money saving. With Sunshine there's no waste . . . I make just as much or as little milk as I need at a time. It's extra economical to buy Sunshine in the big 3-lb. tin.

Sunshine

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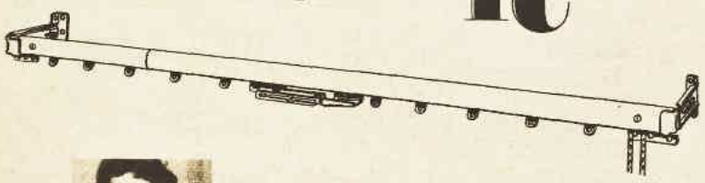
Interior decoration by Margaret Jaye

Why do my curtains hang so smoothly?

they're on Kirsch of course!



"But my dear those curtains have been up about three years! Why haven't they wilted? Curtains on Kirsch *never* wilt. You see, Kirsch rods can't sag, and the curtain headings have a special hook thing behind each pleat. That keeps them from drooping over. And of course they never get dirtied in the middle because I always draw them with the cord. You've probably never noticed that—it's hidden behind the curtain.

"I have had them cleaned once—but that's frightfully easy. I just unhook the curtains from the rod. There's nothing to unpick because the Kirsch hooks can be cleaned, too.

"Is Kirsch frightfully expensive?

"Well, I wouldn't say so, seeing that these are the second set of curtains I had on this rod and I quite expect they aren't the last. And they saved me the cost of pelmets, too. You don't need to conceal Kirsch — it has no working parts to show.

"Look dear — why don't you pop along and look at the whole Kirsch range at that local store of yours—or at almost any store in town. I bet they could solve your problem in a flash. There's a Kirsch rod for every type of window and every curtain."

Kirsch CURTAIN RODS

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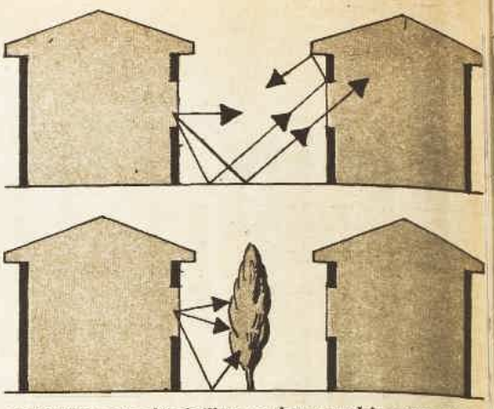
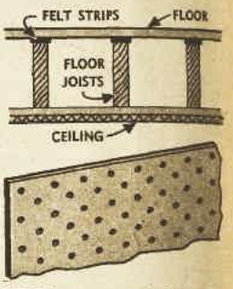


ARROWS in top sketch illustrate how sound is exaggerated when reflected from brick walls and concrete paths between houses. Bottom sketch: How foliage helps absorb the noise.

Noise in flats

● Mrs. Bradford (the name is mine), a widow well past middle-age, had subdivided her big, old two-story house into three flats to supplement her income.



FELT on top of joists between floors, and rough inner surfaces reduce noise.

"I'M sensitive to noises of any sort nowadays," said Mrs. Bradford. "I'm afraid I'm constantly complaining about noise my tenants' children make.

"Noises from their flats and from the house next door sound as though these people were inside the room with me. I'm sleeping badly as a result and becoming a crotchety old landlady."

Inspection of the flats revealed that the living-room of the adjacent flat was separated from her bedroom by a timber-framed wall lined with fibrous cement.

"A wall of this type," I explained, "can act as a drum in transmitting sound. Sound waves from one side set up in a wall a vibration which can seem to accentuate the original noise."

ARCHITECT'S DIARY
By
W. J. McMURRAY

"Is there any inexpensive way of rectifying it?" asked Mrs. Bradford.

I told her, "The effect could be lessened by providing an additional lining of acoustic material on the flat side of the partition.

"There are several cheap, rough - textured materials available which have the effect of diffusing and absorbing sound waves. Wall board with small holes covering the surface would lessen the noise level considerably."

"It wouldn't be necessary to demolish the partition, would it?" Mrs. Bradford asked.

"No. These materials can be applied over the existing surfaces. Even curtain drapes in heavy material from floor to ceiling, if possible on the flat side, would have a similar effect.

"The reverberation effect in a light wall can sometimes be minimised by a heavy piece of furniture which leans slightly against the wall. This additional stiffening reduces the vibration which causes the transmission of sound."

"Would it be difficult to do anything about the sound from the upstairs flat?" she asked. "The floors are timber, and every bump seems to be exaggerated through the ceiling."

"Wooden floors can be soundproofed quite easily during construction by packing felt strips on top of the floor joists before the flooring is laid. This would be too expensive to do at this stage, however, so the only solution is felt or carpeting laid on heavy underfelt in the upstairs rooms."

Mrs. Bradford added:

"The passageway between the two houses seems to carry noises from the street and the house next door. A late party next door makes sleeping absolutely impossible."

"This is a common fault which arises out of building homes on a strict building alignment," I explained. "If people building on restricted frontages staggered their house position in relation to their neighbors this would never occur.

"The brick walls of the two houses and the concrete pathways form three sides of a perfect sound-box. Sounds are reflected back and forth from these surfaces and seem to be exaggerated.

"The only way of rectifying this is to plant some quick, high-growing evergreen shrubs and trees with heavy foliage in the space between the two houses. This will do a lot to absorb sound waves.

"Heavy curtains will further reduce sound penetration at the windows."

Bill McMurray

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FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 445 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O., Auckland.

Fashion PATTERNS

Beginners' Pattern

F4046.—Beginners' pattern for infant's matinee jacket and pilchers. In infants' sizes. Requires 1yd. 36in. material and 3yds. striped bias binding. Price 2/6.

F3958.—Long-sleeved winter nightgown designed for the larger figure. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F4045. — Smart slender-line wool dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material and 1-8th yd. 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.

F3957.—Winter dressing-gown styled with generous wrap-over front and self-material sash. Sizes 38 to 44in. bust. Requires 5 1-8th yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F4047.—Chic beltless torso-dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 54in. material. Price 3/9.

F3996.—Teenage pinafore and blouse ensemble. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 2¼yds. 54in. material for pinafore and blouse trim and 1½yds. 54in. material for blouse. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

● *Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.*

No. 191.—CHILD'S TWO-PIECE PYJAMAS

Child's pretty sleeping pyjamas obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is floral-printed British flannelette in pastel shades of blue, lemon, and pink, all printed with a floral and spot design. Sizes: 2 years 13/9, 4 years 14/6, 6 years 15/3, 8 years 15/11, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 192.—LUNCHEON SET

A pansy motif is chosen for a beautiful luncheon set. The set is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material is heavy linen in cream and white only. Sizes, centre mat 17 x 17in., plate mat 11 x 11in., cup and saucer mat 5 x 5in., table napkin 11 x 11in. Nine-piece set including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup and saucer mats, 19/11, postage and registration 1/9 extra. Thirteen-piece set including 1 centre, 6 plate, and 6 cup and saucer mats 23/6, postage and registration 2/- extra. Table napkins to match 1/3, postage 3d. extra.

No. 193.—SMALL BOY'S JACKET-SHIRT

The jacket is obtainable cut out ready to make in fleecy-backed clan tartan. The clan choice includes Royal Stewart, McDuff, Prince Charles, and McBeth. Sizes: 4 years 10/11, postage and registration 1/3 extra, 6 years 11/6, postage and registration 1/3 extra, 8 years 12/3, postage and registration 1/3 extra, 10 years 14/9, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 194.—HOUSE-FROCK

Easy-to-launder house-frock is obtainable cut out ready to make in printed British cotton. The colors include blue, lemon, green, and red, all printed with a black-and-white design. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust, 32/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

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MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Are watching stars from the yacht Ocean Wind when a large, bright object suddenly drops on to a nearby island. They discover it was a meteorite and with Lothar's help Mandrake manages to dig it out of the ground in which it was embedded. Lothar seems to be afraid of it. NOW READ ON.

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"Every young mother should read BABY MAGAZINE," says Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft nurse. "Baby" is on sale every month at all newsagents, only 2/-.

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"INEZ".—Front-buttoned maternity smock made in check gingham and finished with a white pique pocket accent. The color choice includes red and white, green and white, blue and white, and black and white.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust 28/6, postage and registration 2/6 extra.

"HELENA".—Slim-line maternity skirt designed with waist expansion is made in black sundek linen.

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Cut Out Only: Sizes 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist 42/11, postage and registration 2/6 extra.

"NOELINE".—Tailored skirt and waistcoat ensemble made in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes American beauty, royal-blue, mid-green, red, and black.

Ready to Wear: Skirt, sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist 73/11, postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Skirt, sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist 51/9, postage and registration 2/9 extra.

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Cut Out Only: Waistcoat, sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust 28/3, postage and registration 1/6 extra.

Ready to Wear: Complete set £5/7/3, postage and registration 2/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Complete set £3/9/6, postage and registration 2/9 extra.

• Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

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